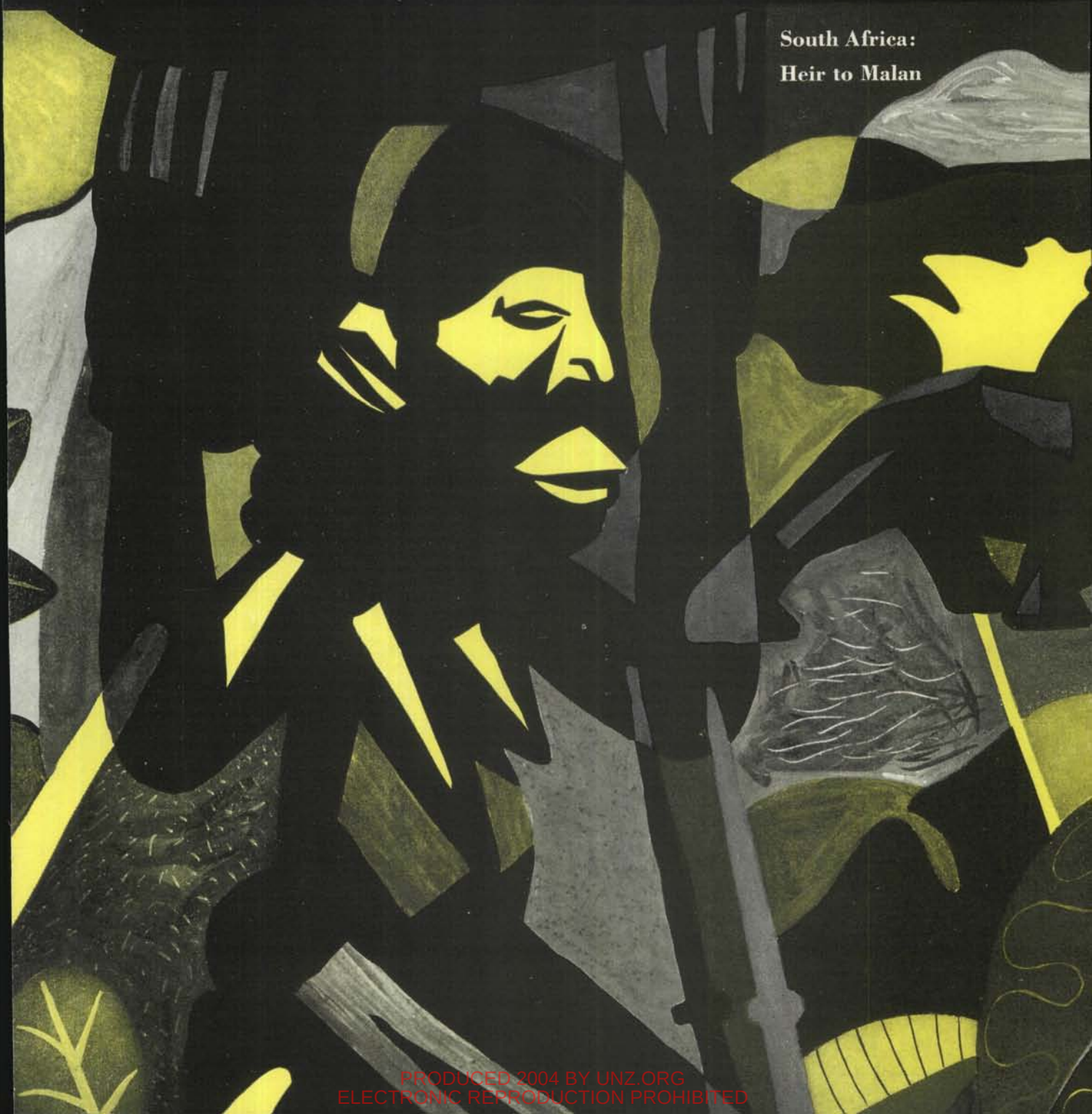
Can Government Be 'Merchandised'?

The Reporter

October 27, 1953 25c



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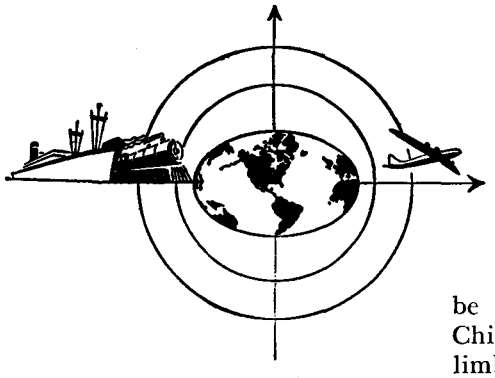

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Indians' Test

Since the Communists' attack on June 25, 1950, Korea has become the focal country, the spot on earth where men could visualize in the crudest possible light both the reality of war and the obstacles that block the way to peace. Now, in the prisoner-of-war camps guarded by the Indian troops, a fact has been highlighted that had been somehow lost sight of: Aside from being an irrefutable case of Communist aggression, the Korean conflict that started as a Korean civil war has opened a new front of the Chinese civil war.

The Chinese civil war is being fought now in the tortured minds of the more than 14,000 Chinese prisoners of war who do not want to go home. This figure is staggering, for it represents seventy per cent of the Chinese "volunteers" held by the U.N. troops. Mao's intervention in Korea gave a cross section of his countrymen the chance to choose between Communism and anti-Communism which the Chinese people on the mainland never had. For the slap he has received Mao has himself to blame.

There are, of course, North Korean prisoners of war who refused to be repatriated—thirty-two per cent of the total. And there are the twenty-three American soldiers who chose Communism—0.6 per cent of the Americans captured. But because of their sheer numbers and of what the high percentage means, the Chinese are the main protagonists in the struggle going on in the prisoner-of-war camps.

A number of them will probably change their minds. Life in exile, with little or no hope of ever seeing friendly faces back home again, can be extraordinarily hard for the Chinese peasants now sulking in the limbo-like camps. There might have been countless motivations for their refusals to go back—including the full bowls of rice on which they knew they could count since they became prisoners.

Yet, ultimately, a very large number of these men, after having weighed again their original decision, after having listened to the "explainers" in fear and anger, will stick to their "No." The Indian guards should be in condition to understand and respect that desperate act of disobedience, for in their country the memory of a man who made of peaceful disobedience a powerful revolutionary weapon is still cherished.

India, by being the most vociferous advocate of neutrality, deserved this extraordinarily hard, ungrateful job of policing the captives in limbo. Its soldiers now stationed in that sacrificial land, Korea, may gain an experience from which the whole Indian nation can benefit. By keeping a very close watch on the Communist "explainers," they can reach an invaluable insight into the main arguments of Communist persuasion—that weird exploitation of misery and fear. The Indians, who are justified in not having many illusions about Chiang and his government, will have an opportunity to find out how horrible Mao's tyranny is if such a large percentage of Chinese, accidentally freed from this tyranny, prefer Chiang to Mao.

The Indians will realize that by declaring themselves above the Communist–anti-Communist struggle, they have made themselves available for one of the most difficult jobs on earth: the job of those who must be neutral in their behavior even if they cannot be neutral in their hearts. For the Indians, too, the test will be in Korea.

MAYOR OF NEW YORK

Poor citizens, confronted with a choice
That hardly could (to coin a phrase) be woice!
Here lies the giant body of their city
Bestrode by Lilliputians and banditti,
Filthy, unkempt, impoverished, its might
A muddled myth—and no relief in sight;
Snarling in vain for that delivering hour
Which might produce (but won't) a Little Flower!
How drags the lagging spirit to the poll
To choose a pigmy for a giant's role!

—SEC

Congressional Franco-philia

In a flurry of self-conscious explanations from Washington, a military-base agreement has been signed with the Spanish government. The New York *Times,* reminding us all that "the highest purpose of American policies is to defend and propagate democracy against all totalitarian ideologies," says this is a "bitter pill," to be swallowed with "profound regret." The regret is particularly justified since the deal is embarrassingly one-sided.

When discussions about these negotiations were opened, the Joint Chiefs of Staff were rather cool to the idea of bases in Spain. The Air Force had its North African bases, and only developed a spark of interest when more trouble brewed in Morocco. The Army had no stomach for diverting arms to ragged and in-

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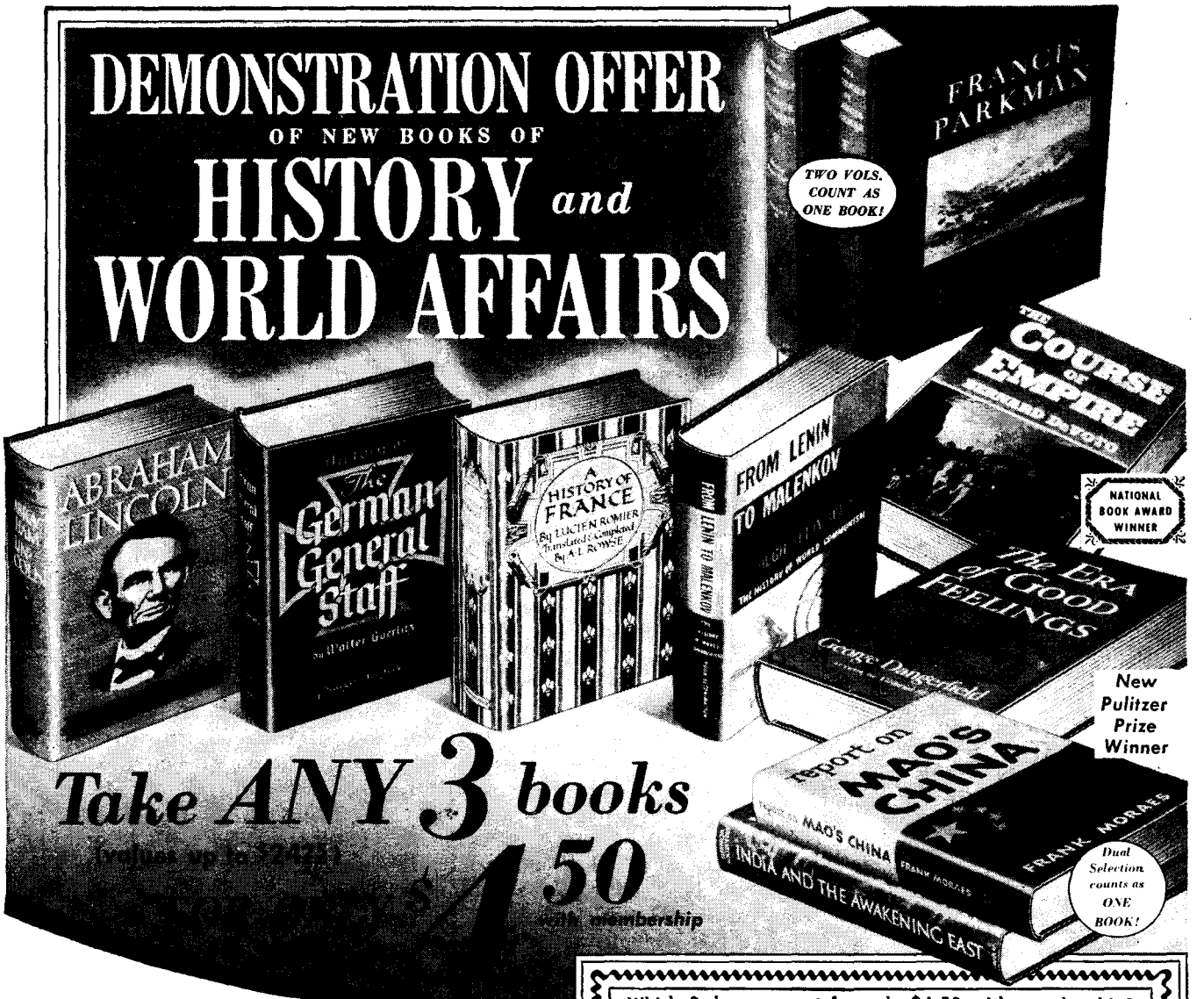
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effective Spanish troops. Only the Navy had some enthusiasm for the task. Finally the Chiefs decided to consider the problem, persuaded by the State Department's unanswerable argument that Congress expected something to happen.

When the talks started in Madrid two years ago, we were willing to give $83 million in economic aid and $12 million in military aid in return for the right to build airbases and naval repair facilities that would be controlled by the United States and be useful in the event of war. But the American negotiators could feel Congress tugging at the rug beneath them. Led by Senator Pat McCarran, Congress kept earmarking foreign-aid money for Spain. So the Spaniards were encouraged to believe that they could get much more than the Executive Branch offered.

They were right. In the end, we agreed to give $85 million of economic aid and $141 million of military aid, plus further aid for "a period of several years" more. In return, Spain agreed that it would be all right for us to build bases but "jointly with the Government of Spain," the bases to remain under the Spanish flag and command. Their use in the event of war was to be subject to negotiation at the time.

Americans who feel uncomfortable about helping Franco comfort themselves with the thought that we are already helping Tito with military aid. But the analogy does not carry through. Yugoslavia adjoins the Soviet Empire; Spain is far from the U.S.S.R. and could not be invaded until all our main European Allies had been smashed. In a pinch, Yugoslavia can tie down an important number of Soviet or satellite divisions, as much weaker Yugoslav guerrilla forces tied down German and Italian divisions in the last war; Spain cannot tie down anything. Politically, there is a vast difference between dealing with Tito and Franco. Tito has split the Soviet bloc, and holds out for us the hope of further splits; Franco only splits our side.

The pact is justified only by the expectation that, in case of war, Franco may be willing to let us use the installations we have built. We've won agreement on some other matters, down to the right to set up prophylactic stations on the bases, but on the wartime use of bases built with U.S. money we are gambling. The catch is that by building up his country now we give Franco the wherewithal to drive an even tougher bargain with us if the time comes when we really have to use his bases.

Spain is today the only country in the world with a formal commitment from the United States to continue aid. Spaniards may have some qualms if they remember the statement of Senator Taft shortly before his death: "Unless there is a big change in the world, this Congress is through with foreign aid." But Spain has long been the exception on Capitol Hill.

On October 2 Generalissimo Francisco Franco decorated Senator Pat McCarran with the Grand Cross of the Order of Isabel la Católica.

ERIC SEVAREID ON ERNST REUTER

When Mayor Reuter of Berlin died, Eric Sevareid's September 29 broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System contained the following remarkable obituary:

"In the Europe now trying to find a new base for its ancient civilization, there have been four great men of the Continent these last few years—Adenauer and Reuter of Germany, De Gasperi of Italy, Monnet of France. Three remain; Ernst Reuter died today. It was my privilege two or three times to sit before this man, the Lord Mayor of Berlin, city without a country. . . .

"In this country we prize political consistency; Europe does not, for Europe has been convulsed with violent change too often. Here we penalize and shun any political figure who has ever been a Communist, even in his youth; in Europe, this would be an absurdity, a wicked waste of talent, because so many of the very finest were once revolutionaries.

"Reuter had been through it all; he was at the beginning a scholar of the classics. He was a Social Democrat, and his conservative parents cut him off from all aid. He was a young pacifist, but ended up in the Kaiser's army; he was wounded, he was captured by the Czar's soldiers, he was a slave worker in the coal mines of Russia. He welcomed the Bolshevik Revolution, knew both Lenin and Stalin, became later secretary general of the German Communist Party. . Lenin had called Reuter "brilliant but strong-willed, a little too independent." He was indeed, and soon rebelled against Moscow's orders, quit the party, never to return; and when the great test of Berlin's endurance came five years ago, it was his sure knowledge of the Russian mentality, as much as anything, that forced the Russians to their most dramatic postwar defeat, and set in motion the train of events leading to the powerful Germany we see today, rising before our eyes.

"When Hitler came to power, Reuter spent two more years of his life in a concentration camp; the London County Council got him out, and he spent the years of the last war in Ankara, as adviser to the Turkish government on its transportation system. In this work he became an expert, and it was his command of the practical problems of traffic and logistics that also made considerable difference when the test of Berlin began.

"The test, of course, was the Russian blockade of '48 and '49, the last strong-arm move the Russians have tried in postwar Europe. . . . Reuter begged the allies not to give in and he found a natural ally in General Lucius Clay. . . . The week the Russians quit, the Germans were ready with their new constitution, and in that, too, Ernst Reuter had played a big part; he is in fact inextricably bound up with the whole rise of the new, democratic Germany. Reuter was the complete political man: He supported his friends; he knew his enemies. He was beyond fear."

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

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Max **Ascoli's** editorial and the first two articles in this issue open *The Reporter's* 1953-1954 political season. There are two immediately frightening matters happening to us right before our eyes. One of them is the fact that the international scene has become even more threatening now that the weapons of total destruction are known to be at the disposal of the ruthless men who rule from the Kremlin. The other springs from a new but already deeply entrenched habit of using the techniques of salesmanship for a purpose they were never intended to serve: that of conditioning the people's thinking on issues that affect their destiny. The same kind of entertainment we enjoy while relaxing is being furnished us to influence our most fateful decisions.

William Lee Miller is Assistant Professor of Religion at Smith College. In our issue of July 7, we published a striking article of his entitled "Religion, Politics, and the 'Great Crusade.'" Subsequently (September 1) he commented on the distorted moral values of the film "Salome." Now in an article of major importance he thoughtfully discusses the problem of public-relations techniques as applied to politics and government. Although Mr. Miller is well known among the younger American theologians, it is in our pages that he has reached a broader audience for the first time. He is the kind of young man we are constantly looking for.

The new political season marks the beginning of a process of self-examination by the Opposition—of its policies, its organization, its tactics, and (growing out of the debate on these) its leadership. We think that this process is most important and of great interest, and shall publish a series of articles which look at the role of the Opposition from various points of view.

"Positive Opposition or Democratic Me-Tooism?" by **Lewis A. Dexter** opens this series. Mr. Dexter, formerly elections analyst for the Democratic National Committee, is working in Washington with the Program of International Communications of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. We think that Mr. Dexter's article is provocative. He argues the case for the adoption of the Taftian view that the business of the Opposition is to oppose. Other views, all analytical and some partisan, will be presented in future issues.

Vera Micheles Dean, research director and editor for the Foreign Policy Association, author and lecturer, this year wrote the widely discussed book *Foreign Policy Without Fear.* This summer Mrs. Dean traveled in India under a grant from the Ford Foundation. Mrs. Dean reports on the hopes the use of the "non-violence" technique arouses in India now that it is once again—after Gandhi—in the hands of a spiritual leader.

Sometimes when misguided and fanatical men are carrying their nation along the path of violence one may hope—even against history—that calmer men will eventually succeed them. But in South Africa, **Noel Mostert** of the Montreal *Star* concludes, the reverse may come true. He fears that Johannes Strijdom, Prime Minister Malan's heir apparent, will be even more intransigent than his master.

Bill Mauldin, back from Europe, tells what dangers one runs by being a good Samaritan in Spain.

James Hinton, Jr., who has appeared in these pages with an article on Marc Blitzstein's opera "Regina," is a contributing editor to *High Fidelity* and New York representative of the British magazine *Opera.*

Cherry Cook, wife of New York *Herald Tribune* foreign correspondent Don Cook, sends an account of a meeting in a French village at which mayor, schoolmaster, and parents debate finance and education and show democracy at the local level.

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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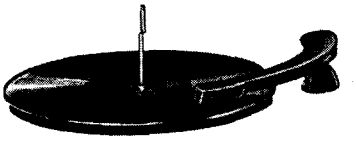

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Back to What 'Normalcy'?

A RATHER peculiar mood seems to pervade the nation this fall, a disposition to relax, to avoid being either too optimistic or too dejected about the present drift of public affairs. No matter whether one likes it or not, this drift will go on for quite a while. The crusade has become a workaday chore. There are still those who urge the Chief Executive to show a much stronger hand in running the nation's affairs, but so much urging has been done since Inauguration Day that it is difficult to see what use there is in conjuring up the unhappy ghosts of Grant and Harding. Many hopes that blossomed during the spring and early summer now lie withered. This seems to be a fall with a vengeance.

Yet this tired, brooding mood does not appear to indicate or even presage widespread restlessness. Rather, there looks to be an inclination among both friends and critics of the Administration to go back to some kind of "normalcy," an emotional middle of the road. Our most authoritative political commentators tell us that perhaps Secretary Dulles has a policy after all, which may some day bring results. Be careful not to strike too hard at the demagogues on the rampage, say liberals in both parties. Don't give them publicity and the whole thing will blow over. The old files with the names of Huey Long and Father Coughlin still readable under a layer of dust are just waiting for the new folder to fall in. "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."

EARLY NEXT YEAR, when Congress reconvenes, the Democrats are not likely to go on acting as alternates of the Republican majority. The Opposition will take up its business, which is to conduct a harassing guerrilla warfare against the adversary. And this too is as it hath been.

"Constructive" opposition is a noble idea scarcely in line with our well-established political practices. The way of all Oppositions is to accelerate the process of self-destruction in the ruling party, to collect from its own record the evidence of its failures and unkept promises. It is perhaps no accident that the monthly magazine of the Democratic National Committee devotes most of its pages to reprints of articles published in the Republican press, just as it is no accident that it is called a digest: a *Democratic Digest* of Republican writings. It is the Democrats' revenge for what they call the "one-party press." Let Republicans fight Republicans. And this too is as it hath been.

Who Will Take It Away?

While we go back to politics as usual, an old apprehension has been creeping on—the chilling feeling that our prosperity may not last much longer, that in fact we may already be on the downgrade. The Americans, in the 1950's, are a fairly well-traveled and well-informed people. They have seen with their own eyes or heard what the standard of living is even in the foreign countries which used to be the most prosperous. Sanguine Democrats can talk about built-in stabilizers devised by the Roosevelt Administration that insure our economy against a recurrence of a 1929 depression. Buoyant Republicans can proclaim that the nation's business system is at long last safeguarded by businessmen in high government positions. Yet in spite of all claims and counterclaims, the fear lingers that as prosperity came, so some day it may go.

"Don't let them take it away!" The Democratic slogan during the last campaign turned out to be very catchy, even if it did not help the Democrats to win. But who is the "them"? Who is likely to take the precious thing away? The Republicans? Big spending? Our Allies? International Communism? Domestic Communism?

While the great debate proceeds on who the vil-

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lain is, the people are being reassured by all their competing saviors. Prosperity may be seriously mismanaged by the men responsible for the running of the nation's business, but the regular police and the vigilantes keep political prowlers at a safe distance. In fact, the people are told that to look too hard for the symptoms of depression may bring about a depression—just as, in the opinion of many, to denounce McCarthy strengthens him. Once more the watchwords seem to be: Don't worry too much. Don't think too hard. Things will settle down.

A weary nation is quite disposed to let its apprehensions be soothed. In the Chief Executive the nation finds reflected its present mood and some of its most deep-rooted traits: fundamental decency, an earnest wish to do the right thing, a nostalgia for the moral and practical standards that prevailed in the good old days. Probably the President's popularity would not be so great and so enduring had he chosen to lead, rather than to mirror, the nation.

The relaxation of tension in international affairs may still be a long way off. But in this fall season a relaxation of tension is definitely noticeable at home. Things, it is said, are neither too good nor too bad; the Administration's foreign policy is neither a success nor an irredeemable failure; our prosperity may have reached its peak, but we are not in a depression or likely to enter one. Swinging between these moderate, tolerable extremes, we are rocking ourselves into a somnolent complacency.

Synthetic Candor

Certainly nothing would be more desirable than to have some kind of "normalcy" to relapse into. Unfortunately, there are a few entirely new and abnormal things in our midst.

There is, first of all, that awesome power of destruction which science has given to America—but not to America alone. When our government leaders thought that ours was the only nation to possess the secret, first of the atomic and then of the hydrogen bomb, they believed that the best thing to do was to clutch the secret tight. Neither the American people nor foreigners—indeed, not even the scientists in Allied countries—needed to know too much.

Now the time has come to face the fact: that if these weapons are used in wars, either of conquest or survival, no belligerent will conquer or survive. On this fact we should rely in dealing with the Russians, who, no matter how dulled they may be by their ideology, still must dislike the idea of race suicide.

There has been much talk lately about Operation CANDOR. According to the latest reports, the whole operation will now be reduced to a one-shot speech by the President. We would certainly be heartily in favor of the operation, even if reduced to just one performance, were it not for a disturbing worry based on recent experiences. The "candor" of the operation, we fear, will be synthetic.

A DOMINANT idea in the Administration is that government policy can be "merchandised"—even when it deals with matters of life and death. This trend rests on a principle: that techniques which have proved to be so effective in selling products to the public can also be used to sell political decisions. Far from having any preconceived objection to the techniques of advertising and salesmanship, we think that in their proper field—the selling of goods—they have achieved extraordinary results. When we buy a tube of toothpaste or any other product of which advertising has made us aware, we certainly pay more than our money's worth, but at the same time we get an incalculable number of services without additional charge.

We get entertainment through radio and television and other means of communication. The system is so well organized that while we gain a measure of reasonable service for what we buy, quite a number of other people, from admen to actors, get a chance for useful work. Moreover, advertising opens up new wants and helps create that booming, constantly expanding production which is the secret of the constant growth of our national wealth. The consumer who pays the bill is far from being the loser on the transaction.

When the same techniques are used for the candid or uncandid presentation of public issues, then too the consumer—the citizen—pays. But he pays with entirely different coins: For the weight of persuasion which is brought to bear on him with all the up-to-date trappings of emotional salesmanship the citizen may have to give his life. Advertising for the sale of products is based on an extraordinarily complex, socially useful system of accounting. That system is a fraud when it is used to solicit or elicit conviction on matters affecting the destiny of mankind.

THE WHOLESALE TRANSFER of advertising techniques to politics has become a well-entrenched habit. We cannot sleep quietly—we cannot even doze, as this fall's mood inclines us to do—until the leaders of our nation reject it.

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CORRESPONDENCE

AS OTHERS SEE US

On the correspondence page of our October 13 issue, John Fischer, Editor-in-Chief of Harper's Magazine, *took issue with an appraisal of American political attitudes that appeared in our September 1 issue at the end of an article by Hugh Gaitskell, former Chancellor of the Exchequer in the British Labour Government. Mr. Gaitskell replies:*

To the Editor: Let me concede at once some of Mr. Fischer's points. First, the extent to which America has modified her free economy is often not understood in Britain or, I could add, in America either! Secondly, the different use of words is certainly confusing. "Socialism" is sometimes used in America to denote "Communism" and sometimes to cover any kind of state intervention, including high taxation, but I think most Americans seem to regard it as anyhow a "bad thing" and would be surprised to be told that for us its essence is simply social justice. Thirdly, in some respects America has more social—though not economic—equality than Britain. There is less class structure and less servility. This is certainly due in part to the tradition of equality associated with the fact that a hundred and fifty years ago so many immigrants were fleeing from a particularly unjust social and economic system in Europe. Fourthly, I realise that the ideal of equal opportunity is pretty sacred in the United States, though much lip service is also paid to it in England. Finally, it may be that the American educational system is more egalitarian than the British despite recent developments here.

There is also a big difference between us, and the essence of it is surely that we in the Labour Party do not believe that real equality of opportunity (or for that matter full employment and maximum productivity) can in the long run be combined with a "free enterprise" economy. We hold that in such an economy the accumulation and inheritance of wealth by private individuals, which is an essential part of it, must lead to *in*equality of opportunity. We consider that Americans who take a different view both exaggerate the extent to which equal opportunity in America really exists and also underestimate the extent to which it is temporary and due to special conditions, i.e., the absence of a feudal background and the newness of the country.

Would most Americans be prepared to accept that the pursuance of egalitarian ideals makes it at least difficult for the so-called free economic system to operate efficiently, by reason of the high taxation involved—and that, for this as well as other reasons, the state in some form will have to play an increasingly important part in the financing of industry?

Quite apart from the "welfare state" type of intervention, we believe that at least in Britain, in order to have full employment without inflation, a permanent structure of direct controls over imports, foreign exchange, and industrial building will probably be needed and that in various other ways the state will have to interfere in order to increase productivity and investment. Would most Americans accept all this?

HUGH GAITSKELL, M.P.
London

(Mr. Gaitskell is perfectly correct in concluding that most Americans don't believe the brand of Socialism he describes is "simply social justice." Like most Americans—and Mr. Fischer—we think if that much economic power is concentrated in the hands of a government bureaucracy, economic growth will be slow, basic liberties of citizens will be endangered, and opportunity, equal or otherwise, will be scarce. —THE EDITORS.)

To the Editor: The United States Information Library in this city does not subscribe to *The Reporter,* according to the librarian, but often receives copies of the magazine. I have seen it on the periodical shelves occasionally, but by no means regularly. Thus I was greatly surprised to find the July 21 issue about book burning on the shelf with not so much as a singe on it.

I am alarmed at the tone of the first two articles in your August 4 issue. Intentionally or not, Theodore White glorifies war and the soldier in his article "The Big Red 'One': Power at the Ready." The climax comes in his statement that General "Lanham's record offers a number of major compensating items," including "a combat record of killing and violence bloody enough to impress even the most indifferent soldier." True, a soldier's duty is to kill, but does Mr. White have to take such a barbarous attitude?

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., may be a competent scholar and writer but he has one blind spot—his fanatic anti-pacifism. His arguments for rearmament seem to be based more on rationalization than logical development. "Of what use is history?" he asks at the end of his article. Apparently none; the arms race of pre-1914 resulted in war. The fault in the 1930's was not Allied disarmament but allowing Hitler to rearm. As for today, Isaac Deutscher has my vote when he says we are playing into the Russians' hands because they need the threat of western aggression to maintain stability in their satellites and at home.

EDWARD M. BERCKMAN
Christian College
Lucknow, India

SPREAD OUT!

To the Editor: The news that Russia has the hydrogen bomb is further evidence that American cities will suffer terrible loss of property and life in future major wars. In fact, the atom bomb had already made the large city as obsolete as the wigwam. To be safe during atom-bomb wars (there will be more than one), we must move eighty to ninety per cent of our present city populations into small towns and the country. If this is not done gradually and efficiently before the first atom-bomb war, it will be done with great speed and gross waste and hardship immediately after the first devastating atom-bomb raids.

The most economical way to move millions of people out of our cities over a period of years is to prohibit nearly all new building in or near cities of over ten thousand population. We should also increase our annual volume of new construction in order to speed up the transfer of population, and we should carefully plan the geographical location and layout of all new buildings so as to minimize losses from air raids.

Such measures will require a vast extension of government control and ownership. To protect owners of city real estate against huge losses due to decentralization, the state must take over most of their property at present values. To assure rapid, planned, and adequate new construction in small towns and rural areas, the state must buy and subdivide the necessary land and must construct needed houses and plants which private businessmen are unwilling to build. If this radical decentralization is postponed until after the first devastating air raids, it will require far more state control and ownership than if carried out gradually in advance.

We must prepare to live for a century or two in a world in which we are always in danger of being bombed without warning with A- and H-bombs. To survive in such a world, we must learn to live in suitably designed small towns and in the country.

BURNHAM P. BECKWITH
Laguna Beach, California

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

To the Editor: I certainly agree with the editorial "Note" entitled "If a Word Could Do . . ." in your September 29 issue. The saccharine word "boys" is an abomination ill suited and insulting to those who have assumed military obligations. It could be laughed off as the creation of sob sisters, politicians, sympathy-seeking news writers, and public-relations officers if its implications were not serious.

Our country has more than once in recent years decided national policy in a sentimental jag inspired by sympathy for "our boys"—"our men" could not possibly have stirred up such a response.

People tend to act the way they are expected to act. If you want someone to act like a man, call him one.

CARLETON WHITEHEAD
Portland, Oregon

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Can Government Be 'Merchandised'?

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

A PROMINENT member of the "Dewey team" complained after the Governor's first eighteen-hour television show, in 1950, that it was disgraceful that the distinguished Governor of a great state (I think that's the way it goes) should have to appear in such a public-relations stunt. An advertising man who helped to arrange the "telethon" quoted Jimmy Durante in reply: "Dem's da conditions dat prevail."

Da conditions seem now to prevail even more, for public-relations men and their close relatives, advertising men, have moved into politics in a big way. Their activities, which hitherto have included tasks like creating memorable headgear for candidate Kefauver, devising such edifying slogans as "You never had it so good" and "The voluntary way is the American Way," and figuring out new places to print the phrase "I Like Ike," have now come to include the planning of entire campaigns and even, most recently, the conduct of government.

Governor Dewey may owe an extraordinary debt to such professional public relations, for it is said that after his defeat in 1948 an exhaustive investigation of his public personality by an advertising agency led to the redesigning of his mustache. Whether it was this singular service or the hundred thousand votes he admitted the telethon had gained for him, something plainly ended whatever scruples he may have had about public relations in politics, for in 1952 he used all kinds of props and all kinds of twists and hammed it up on each new television production number his advertising agency worked out for him. His question-and-answer programs with prearranged questions from selected ordinary people, his comedy programs about "Harry's Haunted House," and his commentary programs on which he was Deeply Shocked each week at what the Democrats had done showed how thoroughly the distinguished Governor of a great state was willing to accept the admen's judgment as to the conditions that prevail.

Simple, Basic, Dramatic

A public-relations man may defend his new role in politics by saying that he just takes good political ideas that haven't gone across and makes

them go across. The editor of *Tide*, an advertising and sales trade publication, remarked during the past campaign, ". . . advertising . . . demonstrated beyond question that it can sell a good idea as successfully as it can sell a good product."

But this statement omits the rather important fact that it can do the same for a *bad* idea. And advertising is not simply neutral as to whether the idea is good or bad; but has a bias within it. I don't mean whatever biases there may be in advertising men and agencies as a result of their relation to the business community and its politics. I mean the bias in the nature of advertising itself. It is this bias of which some public-relations men in politics seem most spectacularly unaware. They seem not to see that the media over which you say something and the devices by which you say it alter what you say.

The advertising man tells the politician to make the argument quick and simple, without any unpleasant complexities. ("VOICE: Mr. Eisenhower, what about the high cost of living? EISENHOWER: My wife, Mamie, worries about the same thing. I tell her it's our job to change that on November 4th.") He says the appeal must be basic and unmistakable. ("The farmer's farming every day, making money and that ain't hay. CLAP! CLAP! Don't let 'em take it away!")

Qualifications must be carefully subordinated to clear, positive, unequivocal promises. ("VOICE: Mr. Eisenhower, can you bring taxes down? EISENHOWER: Yes. We will work to cut billions in Washington spending, and bring your taxes down.") The opposition between the two parties must be made dramatic and absolute. ("They'll promise you the sky. They'll promise you the earth! But what's a Republican's promise worth?") Fearful and tragic events are to be associated with the Opposition. ("VOICE: General, the Democrats are telling me I never had it so good. EISENHOWER: Can that be true when America is billions in debt, when prices have doubled, when taxes break our backs, and we are still fighting in Korea? It is tragic. It is time for a change.") Familiar symbols of home and prestige must be

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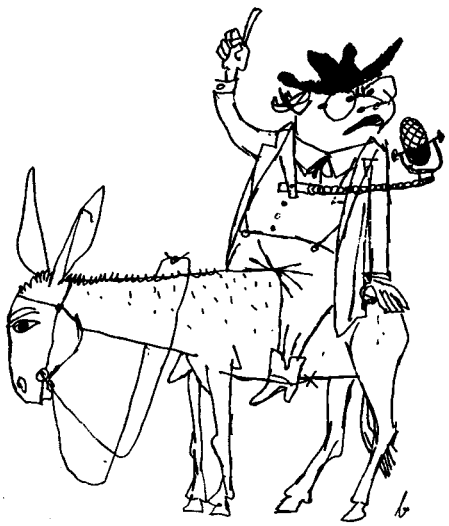

associated with the client. ("The Democratic party took apples off the streets and put apple pie on the table. Whenever history puts them to the test, Americans will always choose the best.") The advertiser tells the politician that examples should be memorable, whether or not they are illuminating or represenative. ("VOICE: General, just how bad is waste in Washington? EISENHOWER: How bad? Recently, just one government bureau actually lost four hundred million dollars and not even the FBI can find it. It's *really* time for a change.")

CLEM WHITAKER, partner in the California advertising firm of Whitaker and Baxter, which conducted the American Medical Association's successful multi-million-dollar campaign to eliminate national health insurance ("socialized medicine") from the alternatives politically available to the American people, is one of the most outspoken of the new public-relations men in politics. Whitaker has drawn up an apparently definitive list of the grand strategies of political campaigns built on public-relations techniques: ". . . you can interest voters if you put on a fight. No matter what the fight, *fight for something*. . . . You may wonder if that is the only technique in campaigning. It isn't the only one. There are two. The average American also likes to be entertained. . . . He likes the movies and he like fireworks and parades. So if you can't fight, put on a show!"

A public-relations man in politics may say he is only doing better what politicians have always done. But though the "old-style" politician often did oversimplify and sloganize and appeal to fear and greed, he does not seem to have done this quite so systematically or so effectively as the modern advertisers in politics. He did not have the dominating control of the sources of opinion that the modern national "mass media" advertiser can enjoy. And he had a restraining set of pressures on him to which some of the political advertising men do not seem to be subject; at least he had to pay some attention to facts. His campaigns may have lacked moxie, but he had to deal with interests of his constituents, which were real and which were independent of his manipulation. He could not, as a memorandum from one public-relations firm advised its agents to do, create situations of reality; he had to fit his actions to a reality that already existed. He could not engage in what public-relations man Edward L. Bernays has described as the "engineering of public consent"; he had to let the public engineer its own consent.

But Clem Whitaker has said that managing campaigns, now becoming "a mature, well-managed business, *founded on sound public relations principles,* and using every technique of modern-day advertising," is "no longer a hit-or-miss business, directed by broken-down politicians."

It's hard to see just how the public will be helped when a "broken-down" politician is rebuilt by Mr. Whitaker's ten million pieces of printed matter, 650 billboards, and 18,000 smaller posters.

And these new PR men themselves may not necessarily be an improvement over even the "broken-down" politicians. No politicians, for instance, could have the adman's freewheeling auxiliary relationship to politics, thinking up slogans at "brainstorm meetings" for clients with the money to pay for them. The politicians were potential public officials and as such had to shape their relationship to the public to some extent in accord with their ability to act as a part of a government. Many of them, in their quaint, broken-down way, have had a genuine interest in public policy. Occasionally one could even discern, in some of them, an honest conviction. They rarely approached the immaculate amorality of the political public-relations man who, admitting that his candidate did not know anything about anything, said, "Let's consider this campaign clinically. After all, you don't criticize a brain surgeon's technique just because he operates on a criminal."

'Public Sentiment Is Everything'

The public-relations man tends to work backwards, from desired effect to technique to content. If present tendencies continue, we may get political campaigns tailored to fit the requirements of public relations and then government tailored to fit the requirements of the campaign.

Clem Whitaker has a consoling thought to offer on this score: ". . . whatever technique we use, in the end we always come back to Lincoln's fundamental—public sentiment is everything. If sometimes we go to extremes to create that sentiment, we can recall that some of the greatest statesmen in American history went to extremes, too." Going to extremes has testimonials from top-brand-name statesmen, and never mind whether Mr. Whitaker's extremes are quite the same as Mr. Lincoln's.

It is a bit hard to tell at this distance just what Lincoln meant by his statement "public sentiment is everything," but it is clear what Whitaker, who quotes it fondly, means. He means that public sentiment is *everything*. Other facts of

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the political world, such as the structure of Congress, the size of armies, the location of oil, national beliefs that run deeper than the mood of the moment—these are not very important, and can easily be controlled by the proper manipulation of public sentiment.

Even a new character for a candidate can be created synthetically, by a nickname, a slogan, the right profile, or a redesigned mustache. Unfortunately for the public-relations man, however, the realities behind the illusions he builds sometimes do break through to spoil things. The candidate's character cannot always be entirely concealed by his public-relations man. This exasperates Mr. Whitaker: ". . . an automobile . . . can't object to your sales talk, and if you step on the starter, it usually runs. A candidate, on the other hand, can and does talk back—and can sometimes talk you out of an election, despite the best you can do in campaign headquarters."

Mr. Whitaker explains that public-relations campaigners like himself have a problem with a candidate's "willingness or unwillingness to hew to the line on the plan of strategy which has been worked out . . . his ability or inability to measure up to the character you give him by your carefully-prepared build-up." Apparently some old-fashioned candidates still want to hew to their own line rather than the adman's, and present to the public the character God gave them rather than that given by Mr. Whitaker's "carefully-prepared build-up."

Ideals and All That Sort of Thing

Some public-relations men in politics tend to substitute illusions of their own devising for existing facts. Then, too, they may hold the view of the public's role in politics exemplified by this statement of Leone Baxter, Mr. Whitaker's partner in "Campaigns, Inc.":

"It's because the public relations profession, and its allied professions, know something about presenting abstract ideas, in attractive form, to masses of people who are too occupied with their daily lives to think analytically on their own account, that the average man today is in a position to know more about the trends of human affairs than ever in history. . . . You are helping him to understand your clients and their problems, their ideals. You are helping him to be a better citizen."

The techniques by which some public-relations people help us to be better citizens now include the saturation radio-TV spot campaign, brought to the service of the nation in last year's Republican campaign. The plan for this operation, HOW TO INSURE AN EISENHOWER VICTORY IN NOVEMBER, listed these advantages of concentrating the spot announcements in the last three weeks: "1. It gives maximum effectiveness of penetration and recall without becoming deadly to the listener and viewer; 2. It delivers the maximum just before the election; 3. It occurs at too late a date for effective Democratic rebuttal." (Since this memorandum makes the regrettable slip of calling the Democratic Party by its name, it must have been another agency which struck a blow for decency in government by deciding that Republican orators should henceforth call the Democratic Party the "Democrat" Party.) The spot-campaign people were concerned with higher things, a "special, all out effort to switch forty-nine counties in twelve states and with it the election to Eisenhower." When I asked the head of the advertising agency that handled the Democratic Party's account about this saturation spot campaign, he seemed worried only that I might think the Republicans had stolen a march on him. "We had the idea for a saturation spot campaign long before the Republicans," he protested, "but we couldn't get the money."

Another way the public is brought to understand the client's ideals is by hearing them whether it wants to or not. For example, the Republican advertisers are well satisfied that they made a net gain last year over the Democrats by purchasing the higher-priced time already allocated to top TV performers. A man who arranges such political programs explained it to me: "A viewer tunes in to see Arthur Godfrey, but in place of Godfrey there is our program, and since there *are no top programs opposite Godfrey* he has to come back to us!" Thus is the public "delivered" to be taught about trends in human affairs.

To ONE outside public relations and its allied professions, capturing, delivering, and saturating the public would appear to be rather the opposite of helping it to know human affairs and understand ideals. In a way it would seem that the better the public relations, the wider the gap between the public's emotional approval of the client and the public's rational understanding of the reasons *why* it approves of the client. The advertising man's habit and purpose is to go beneath the

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reason to build strong emotional attachments to what he is selling, by associating it with all good symbols, relevant or not. Thus, it seems from the pictures in the advertisements that toothpaste has not only brightened the young lady's teeth but also papered the walls, straightened the room, and introduced her to a smashingly handsome young man. The advertiser's victim automatically calls the toothpaste's name when she goes to the drugstore.

An advantage of such techniques to the candidate is that he can now do "scientifically" what politicians have always had to do in fumbling, uncertain ways. He can say something without saying it. His advertising can systematically create an impression that goes well beyond any direct claim he would make and have to stand by. The most striking example of such public relations is the treatment of the Korean War by the Republicans last year, and in particular Mr. Eisenhower's "I-will-go-to-Korea" speech. In millions of American homes, voters had a deep and emotional *impression* that Eisenhower would end the Korean War, but the Eisenhower forces could rightly say that they never directly made any such claim. It was a triumph of the manipulation of public sentiment.

If public sentiment continues to be manipulated in this way, the public may choose world policies simply because they are recommended by some telegenic personality who has a good-looking, cloth-coated wife, born on St. Patrick's Day, and a little dog named Checkers.

THE PUBLIC-RELATIONS man says these are the conditions that prevail, and we might as well accept them. But it is possible that the conditions are not quite that prevalent. In the 1952 campaign the Republicans were selling the public something which it very much wanted to "buy," a change and a hero. By evoking distaste in some quarters, the "Ike" advertising may even have helped the Opposition. In the face of the overwhelming odds, the significant evidence about public relations from the 1952 campaign may come from the other side, on which an unknown, running against the hero and against the tide, still managed to gain a respectably large vote. And he did that without a big public-relations ballyhoo.

The two most remarkable appearances of that campaign, an acceptance speech and a concession of defeat, were made without benefit of advertising. No format was tested at an agency, no gimmicks were devised for audience effect. There were no make-up men to arrange each eyebrow, no production men to supervise the camera angles, no charts to tell the audience when to laugh or cry. The words that were spoken were the speaker's and the feelings that he evoked were real and spontaneous, for there is no public relations that can take the place of the honest words of an honest man.

The Biggest Client

The Eisenhower movement, born and nurtured in the smooth new world of public relations, is the biggest client yet persuaded of the prevailing conditions. Not only from Governor Dewey and his team but also from the alert businessmen who flocked to the banner, the crusade came to understand how tough a "selling" job the Republicans had, and how useful modern "scientific" selling practices could be for such a tough job. During the primary campaign Senator Taft complained that some top executives, even against their own inclination, were supporting Eisenhower on the advice of their corporations' public-relations men. Of the convention at which Mr. Eisenhower was nominated, *Tide* wrote in its snappy, underlined newsletter: "The *Republican convention* next week will almost be *a convention of advertising and public relations men.* An amazing number are attending . . ." A group of public-relations men, called the "Eisenhower-Nixon Research Service," takes credit for the first big Eisenhower victory, for it gave the "Fair Play" amendment its felicitous name and planned the triumphantly successful build-up of public support of the Eisenhower side in that crucial convention fight.

During the campaign the same group chose, named, and pushed the "captive candidate" theme against Stevenson, but this was only one of many public-relations groups working for Eisenhower. Three advertising agencies had a hand in the campaign: the Kudner agency, which was originally given the Republican account; Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, which joined the crusade early in September and came to handle all radio and TV for the General; and the Bates agency, one of whose executives thought up the much-debated saturation spot campaign.

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But the Eisenhower movement did not stop its use of public-relations techniques on Election Day; the "conditions" apparently "prevail" not only for campaigns but also for governments. An article on "The GOP's 'PR' " in the *Wall Street Journal* late in February said: ". . . the Eisenhower forces already have a fair claim to the title of the most-public-relations-conscious-administration in history. . . . This heavier-than-ever accent on 'scientific' public relations techniques crops up all over the place. . . ."

The *Journal* story concentrated on the Eisenhower-Nixon Research Service, now renamed the Research Associates, and their proposal of a "carefully-calculated, Government-wide effort to cultivate the public" with methods which the *Journal* reporter said were "reminiscent of those employed by a private company . . ." The plan was presented in a "fascinating brochure . . . handsomely gotten up in a black loose-leaf notebook, with cellophane-covered pages, a gaudy lay-out, and the word 'Confidential' stamped on the front," which was reported to have found its way to the bedside table of the President and also to Vice-President Nixon and Postmaster General Summerfield.

A more recent story in the *Wall Street Journal* reported that "Eisenhower & Co. have opened a new sales department right in the White House. The new division of the Republican Administration is headed by a man President Eisenhower privately calls 'the greatest salesman in the world'—the Seattle mortgage banker, Walter Williams . . ." Mr. Williams, who is also Under Secretary of Commerce, will try in this new job "to 'sell' the President's policies to the public—and tout his achievements." As the *Journal* story observed, ". . . the Eisenhower forces, a lot of them former businessmen, simply believe in a little salesmanship."

Just One Big Happy Family

This salesmanship was nowhere more evident than in the President's TV report in June to the people of the nation he governs. It was planned, rehearsed, and presented under the graciously donated professional supervision of B.B.D.&O.

Tide reports that Bernard C. Duffy, head of B.B.D.&O., said of the campaign last fall that Republican strategy centered on merchandising Eisenhower's frankness, honesty, and integrity, his sincere and wholesome approach. The strategy by which the candidate was "merchandised" was used again in June to "merchandise" the President. B.B.D.&O.'s best techniques of television advertising were employed to bring the President and his Cabinet to the people, to tell them about how the roof was not leaking. It was as though, having created during the campaign the TV character Likeable Ike, his sponsors found it expedient to continue the installments of his adventures. *Advertising Agency* magazine quoted Mr. Duffy's satisfied comment: "One of our best shows."

This adman's "show" did not insist that the public make the hard and controversial decisions about world policy. Instead the implied view of the public was that of a docile, harmonious family, waiting to be told a few fascinating facts about its government by Likeable Ike and his swell friends. Government appeared as a merely technical and administrative matter: "What you're concerned about is that the house is in good order"—about which there is, of course, harmonious agreement. "Now, everybody helps to do that, everybody in the family." Yes, everything is being well handled by these dandy people we have in government: "Since government is just people, you have seen the kind of people that are trying to solve these things for you."

There was no suggestion that there might be at stake profound problems of value about which the public had to decide. Herb and George, and Mr. Benson, who was a farmer himself, and Mrs. Hobby, whose job was a woman's in the home, read their lines, sometimes going into detail about the problems selected for discussion, but the detail served more to show their seriousness and competence and perhaps the romance of government than to provide a genuinely illuminating discussion.

All through these edifying discourses ran the homey advertising gimmicks—the basket of mail from which "we get our ideas"; a letter from a lady in Pawtucket; 8 to 1 approval of the entire program; a chart showing Mr. Benson's travels; a mention of Derby, Kansas, and Limestone, Maine. The "points of interest" described so chattily were all assumed to be completely under control by the genial and efficient new managers of the business—"I'm going over to Bermuda to meet with some of our friends and talk over these things"; "Well, now, of course, George, we know we're going to stop this"—and the public can rest easy, assured that "We've done something and are now doing things to repair the holes in the roof and keep the fences mended." All that was left for the viewing public to do was to say, "How nice!"

Bill Tyler, who writes a column in *Advertising Agency* magazine called "Copy Clinic," had the following illuminating comment:

"Undoubtedly the most effective commercial of the month was the President's TV appearance around the first of June. . . . it closely followed the pattern of an agency new-business solicitation. The President let each department head, armed with slides, present the story of his

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branch of the business. Then he wrapped the whole thing up in a masterful manner and asked for the order. As a TV salesman, we think you will agree, Dwight Eisenhower has few peers. . . ."

Members of the Eisenhower Administration themselves sometimes seem to conceive the relationship of the government to the people in advertising terms. The *Wall Street Journal* quoted this statement from a high official, which the President is said to endorse, explaining the new White House sales office: "We all suddenly realized we were busy manufacturing a product down here, but nobody was selling it." One of the President's top aides sent a memorandum to all government personnel who deal with foreign policy just before the President's important April 16 speech to the American Newspaper Publishers Association. The memorandum described an elaborate plan to publicize the speech around the world, and it called this promotion of a major address of the President of the United States "merchandising-in-depth."

The differences between selling a product in a market and choosing public policies in a democracy may not be immediately apparent to some advertising people. The consumer acts as an individual and can defend himself against high pressure and the gullibility of his neighbor—by consumer resistance or buying different products. But the citizen *must* live under the government that he helps to select, and it can make ultimate claims upon him. The political issue is the health and direction of the whole community, not just the satisfaction of an individual consumer's desire.

It remains to be seen how much the Eisenhower Administration will continue to "sell" its policies with carefully devised "new," "positive," and "dynamic" slogans, even though the policy may be old (our "dynamic" European foreign policy), negative (cutting the Air Force budget to get "more defense"), actually confused ("trade, not aid"), or nonexistent (the "liberation" of eastern Europe). At first the crusade seemed to have taken advertising techniques even into the formulation of national policy itself, as in the remarkable trust our new foreign affairs people had for a while in "psychological warfare." Somebody needed to explain to the new Administration that advertising and public relations had to be secondary to real political action. Apparently the committee headed by William Jackson did just that for the foreign-policy information field.

What we may now need is a similar criticism of the Eisenhower Administration's relations to the American people. It might say to the Republican Party that what is needed (if I may try my hand at a little sloganizing) is not a better selling job but a better doing job.

Democratic Me-Tooism Or Active Opposition?

LEWIS ANTHONY DEXTER

The business of an Opposition party is to oppose. After twenty consecutive years in office, most Democratic leaders still seem to be trying to act like responsible statesmen and administrators. If this attitude continued, it would seriously endanger the values of the two-party system. Responsible statesmanship is the obligation of the "ins." Responsible, creative, and dramatic Opposition is the obligation of the "outs."

The Democratic National Committee has, for instance, issued a document with the subtitle "How the Democrats Defended Eisenhower Against the Republicans." That is *not* their business. Eisenhower is not a monarch above partisanship, although he sometimes talks as though he would like to be. When the chips were down last year, he endorsed Joseph McCarthy and Chapman Revercomb and William Jenner; he will do the same sort of thing in 1954.

The Wagon and the Five Stars

If Democratic leaders really hitched their wagon to Ike's five stars, what would happen? Take Senator James E. Murray (D., Montana), a long-time supporter of the Eisenhower-endorsed reciprocal trade program. Many of his constituents are much alarmed by "trade, not aid" proposals, especially as they may affect the falling prices of copper and wool. Senator Murray has stuck to his guns, but Montana Republican Representative Wesley D'Ewart has opposed extension of the reciprocal trade program in deference to local feeling. Murray comes up for re-election in 1954; his Republican opponent very likely will attack him for "betraying" Montana producers to "the one-worlders" and point with pride to the fact that Mr. Eisenhower has appointed two stalwart protectionists to the Tariff Commission. If, at that point, Senator Murray were to argue that he had just been defending Mr. Eisenhower against the Republicans, a message most probably would arrive from the White House urging the people of Montana to join the "crusade" and vote for "the middle way" by throwing Murray out of the Senate.

The real Democratic difficulty is even more far-reaching. Democrats cannot praise themselves for support-

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ing Eisenhower without praising Eisenhower; and if Eisenhower then turns around and says their opponents are better than they are, they may find themselves hoist with their own petard.

WHILE SENATOR MURRAY has been supporting reciprocal trade, Representative Richard M. Simpson of Pennsylvania has been trying to sabotage it by preventing the importation of residual fuel oil from Venezuela. Mr. Simpson is Chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee. In that capacity he says the differences between the Administration and Congress are "healthy differences . . . Republicans have operated on the theory that the Congress can not and should not blindly follow the Executive Department. And the Executive . . . can not and should not blindly leave everything to Congress. The record will prove the independence of the Executive branch and of Congress—with a willingness to cooperate on both sides."

On this basis, any Republican can —and will—get White House blessing in 1954. It would take too much space to show how few Democratic Representatives can possibly get away from the dilemma just described if they boast about supporting Eisenhower. And only two Senate candidates could conceivably benefit by running on a pro-Eisenhower basis: those who oppose Homer Ferguson of Michigan and Henry C. Dworshak of Idaho. And both of these men are vulnerable on plenty of other issues.

There are, to be sure, some primary-election contests in the South where, under the emerging one-and-a-half-party system, Democratic incumbents might help themselves by arguing they were truer to Eisenhower than are their primary opponents. Lyndon Johnson in Texas must remember that he won his last primary by exactly eighty-seven votes, and that many thousand times eighty-seven Texan Democrats showed enthusiasm for Eisenhower in 1952. But it would be a pity to devise national strategy in terms of a Texas primary situation, which at most could have parallels only in Alabama, Louisiana, and South Carolina.

BUT IS active Opposition necessary? Generally, American politicians conceive of Opposition as passive. You wait for your opponents to irritate people; then you capitalize on these irritations.

This approach does not look as though it will be adequate in 1954. Republican strategists, using public-opinion polls and other evidence, seriously think they might gain seventy seats, for a total of 289 in the House, if the elections were held in the fall of 1953. I am not familiar with the Western and Southwestern seats; but I would not advise anyone to bet that the Democrats can retain all their seats in the East, South, and Midwest. As of this moment, I should estimate a minimum Democratic loss of ten seats in those areas, which might or might not be compensated for by gains in the states west of the Missouri.

This estimate is based on two assumptions:

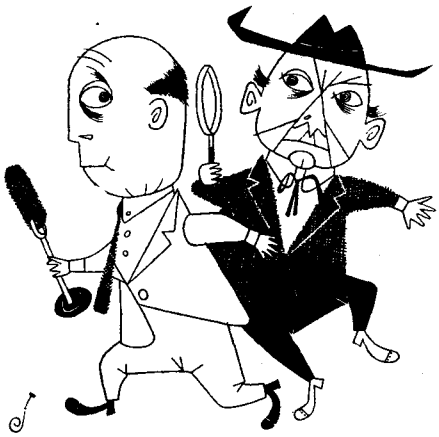
First, that the Republican organization, under the leadership of Leonard Hall, will continue to be tactically more efficient than that of the Democrats, and regardless of efficiency, it will continue to be around fifteen times more affluent.

Second, that the relative efficiency and good luck of the two parties locally will remain about as they were in 1950 and 1948. Actually, there are at least 125 districts where the candidate, the campaign, and the local organization will determine the outcome; there are eighty-five districts which were won by a five per cent majority or less in 1952.

The breaks could give the Democrats all 125 of those districts. Republican factional conflicts could become really bitter in Pennsylvania and Connecticut; the Democrats may have just plain good luck in Maryland and Florida; some respected leaders like Millard E. Tydings in Maryland and James M. Mead in New York might be persuaded to stand for close districts in the House; and various strong Republicans in close districts, such as Jacob K. Javits in New York, Charles A. Wolverton in New Jersey, and Richard B. Wigglesworth, Joseph W. Martin, Jr., and John W. Heselton in Massachusetts, might retire.

But the reverse would happen if respected Republicans stood for close districts, strong Democrats like Robert T. Secrest and James G. Polk in Ohio decided to retire, Democratic factional conflicts in New York and Chicago became increasingly bitter, and the Republicans had luck in Florida and Maryland. In that case there would be a Republican sweep.

So the Democrats had better not count on luck or time or the swing of the pendulum. The question be-



comes: *What is an Opposition supposed to do with little organization and less money? How is it supposed to do it?*

The Great Oppositionist

Since 1910 only one political leader of national stature has consistently played the part of Leader of the Opposition. That man was Robert A. Taft. During the 1952 campaign, I was assigned by the Democratic National Committee to prepare a lengthy research document entitled "If Taft Had Had His Way——." I

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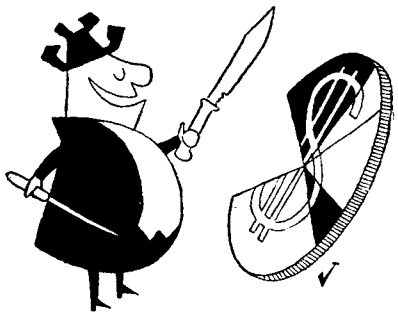


never developed any enthusiasm over Taft's basic policies, but I became convinced that tactically he perfected the first acceptable working model of an Opposition Leader for modern American conditions.

To be sure, he was somewhat joyless in the part; a man with the temperament of Henry Clay, or of Disraeli, or, for that matter, of ex-Senator Tom Connally of Texas, would have done a better job because he would have created more enthusiasm, and had more fun. And one major reservation must be admitted: On foreign policy, Taft's ingrained fear of tax increases and his detestation of war sometimes led him into blunders—blunders of a sort that he never made on domestic issues.

The reputation that Taft acquired for "obstructiveness," a reputation with which we Democrats saddled him, has played a part in preventing the Democratic Party from fully adopting the role of an Opposition. Party leaders are somewhat afraid of being given the Taftian labels "uncooperative" and "negative." But in the long run an Opposition must provide the checks and balances of Jeffersonian political doctrine—and it can only do so by constant criticism.

Taft realized that the function of an Opposition is to keep the Administration closer to the golden mean. Any Administration will make mistakes and blunders; even in policies that one essentially approves there will be errors of emphasis and detail. It is quite possible for an Administration to err at one time or place in one way and in another in a contrary way. Taft, as a good Opposition Leader, could and did thwack them in either case. Generally he was against the Democratic Administration for being, as he thought, too lenient with organized labor; but at the time of the railroad strike in 1946 he singlehandedly continued his job as Opposition Leader and attacked President Truman for being too harsh on railway labor.

A FEW MEN have Opposition in their blood and bone and can never be happy in a majority—men like John Randolph of Roanoke, the late Senator William E. Borah, and Representative John Taber of New York. But, by and large, an American political Opposition needs the incentive of hoped-for votes and possible victory to keep it opposing.

So it had better choose issues which will affect votes and may bring victory. This means that:

Opposition must dramatize issues that really appeal to people's hearts and minds. By accident and the grace of John L. Lewis, Tom Lyon, Republican nominee for head of the Bureau of Mines, provided one such issue. He not only admitted that he had a revocable Anaconda Copper pension; before the committee investigating his qualifications he implied that he shared the attitude that human life is cheap.

Nothing could have been better calculated to revive the old feeling that Republicans are callous and Democrats warmhearted. And there is no group among whose members it is more important to revive that attitude than the Western miners who deserted the Democratic ticket for the first time in 1952.

On the other hand, *no* Democratic leader protested when a Republican duPont of Delaware, with the General Motors implications that the name suggests, was appointed Commissioner of the Bureau of Public Roads. Add to this the fact that Francis duPont had been an active political partisan and that he succeeded a highly respected nonpolitical expert, Thomas MacDonald, known as "Old Mr. Roads." Add also the fact that some honorable people in Delaware feel that Mr. duPont's activities in the Delaware state road program, for which he was officially responsible, were designed more to help his family's industries than the common people of Delaware. Here was a possibly effective issue where no one took hold.

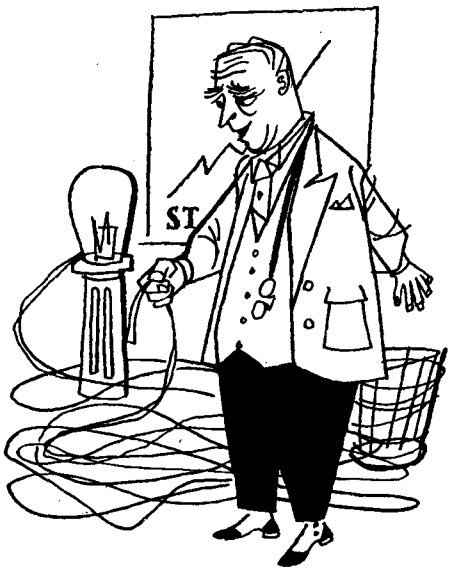
An issue which may have been ill selected because it did not touch the heart—or at least did not as it was handled—was the Democratic semi-filibuster on tidelands oil. So also with Democratic protests against "Eisenhower Raids on the Civil Service." Whether many people are affected by these protests, except for people who already worried about losing their jobs anyhow, is questionable.

Opposition should be selective in its choice of issues. Opposition must not be automatic and predictable. To avoid the appearance—and perhaps the reality—of sheer negativism, Opposition leaders should tackle each issue with the question "Who will be hurt by this?" rather than "What can we say against it?"

Opposition need not be consistent. An Opposition can proceed from a high level of "the best possible thing to do," untroubled by the practical necessity of reconciling different but contradictory goods.

For instance, the proposed revision of postal rates will surely hurt somebody. Under the most recent proposal, it looks as though direct-mail advertisers will suffer more than, say, the Luce or the Curtis publications. Obviously this is unfair, and Democrats in Congress should raise hell about it. But there may be other proposals in the next session that will hurt magazine publishers and benefit direct-mail advertisers; in that case, Democrats should raise hell about that too.

In the long run this will operate to the public good. If sufficiently chivied and harried and criticized,



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someone in the Post Office Department will think up a solution which is really fair all around, or pretty nearly so. The country will then gain; in the meantime, the different groups affected will have come to see the Democrats who have defended their interests as friends.

Opposition can be creative; it can constructively channel discontent rather than just let it seethe. Opposition to the Selective Service System may hurt the Republicans in 1954. Few Democrats would wish to adopt the Republican tactic of 1952 and attack Eisenhower as a "warmonger." But this is no reason simply to go along with the Administration's proposals for extension of Selective Service. The present system is probably unfair to young men of high ability from poor families who went to inferior high schools, because they are much less likely to get educational deferments than young men from good high schools and well-to-do families whose ability is basically only mediocre. And, quite likely, dairy farmers have been correct in feeling that the draft and the high rate of pay in defense industries unfairly rob them of farm labor.

Democratic Congressmen should ventilate such issues. They may propose modifications of the Selective Service regulations on educational deferments. Or some device might be worked out for requiring otherwise qualified 4Fs to spend a certain number of months as farm laborers at a designated rate of pay. It is not the job of the Opposition to work out the details; it can just make the proposals.

Congressional Opposition should be focused on specific targets. There would be little value in Congressmen from the sidewalks of New York, like Arthur Klein or Emanuel Celler, proposing a measure to benefit dairy farmers. A Democrat with dairy-farmer constituents, such as Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota, is the obvious choice. Similarly, criticism of postal-rate revisions should come from Congressmen with direct-mail advertisers in their districts.

The very choice of issues should be determined by the likelihood that additional support can be gained by choosing them—other things being equal, of course. It may be that with limited time Senator Humphrey and his staff could better try to gain additional votes among the wheat farmers or in the Mesabi Range; evaluation of the Minnesota situation as a whole is obviously necessary to make any such decision. Or it may be that direct-mail advertisers and their employees are such a tiny and strongly pro-Republican segment in any district that Congressmen would be well advised—in tactical terms—to focus on other groups.

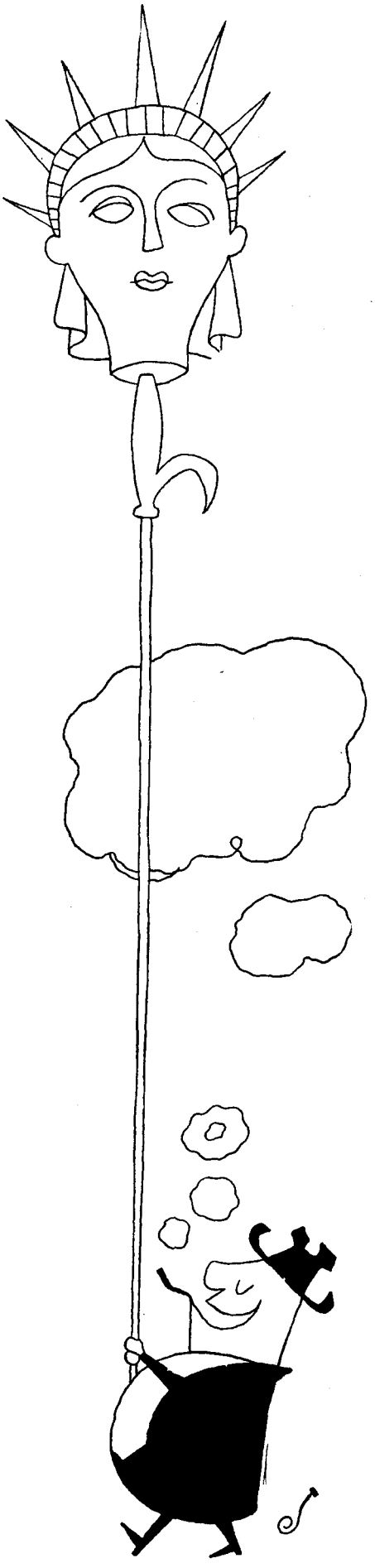
Ready-Made Issues

Such a theory of Opposition could apply to most issues which Congress and the Administration confront. Listing of a few more possibilities may clarify the approach:

¶Republican corruption in small towns and rural counties has never been adequately publicized, nor have the related violations of civil rights by sheriffs. The Kefauver inquiry concentrated largely on big-city crime; most big cities are governed by Democrats. Indeed, even a series of muckraking articles on corruption in small towns in Pennsylvania, Illinois, and New York might be worth a great deal to the Democrats.

¶Misuse by Republican-controlled state agencies of funds granted under the various National Health Acts, and consequent and related mistreatment of patients and inmates in state institutions.

¶The Air Force controversy, already developed by Senator Stuart Syming-



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ton (D., Missouri), Representative Samuel W. Yorty (D., California), and the Boston *Herald*.

¶The terrifying possibilities inherent in Republican meat-ax cuts in civil defense.

¶The probability that the Republicans will hold up the extension of air-mail subsidies to helicopter transport and in consequence hold up technical development leading toward a solution to the traffic problem.

WITH LIMITED time and staff, one Congressman can only concentrate on a few issues. However, an approach of this type is more likely to pay off in votes than broad general slogans of the sort characteristic of American politics.

Such slogans are perhaps more appropriate for Presidential campaigns, although even then probably less effective than specific appeals. The Democratic Campaign Committees in the House and Senate could help candidates work out programs for their districts, but they are very much underfinanced and understaffed. In the past, these committees have been largely financed by the National Committee. There is certainly no advantage in independent operation and financing on their part, even if this is possible, when the National Committee is directed to the business of organizing active Opposition. The question is, of course, will the National Committee be so directed?

Even if no such aid is provided by the National Committee, the Democratic Leader of the House, former Speaker Sam Rayburn, has apparently indicated that, as far as he is concerned, the era of Democratic "me-tooism" is ended. And Mr. Truman, in his Labor Day address, made it crystal clear that he is going to hammer the present Eighty-third Congress just as hard as he hammered the Eightieth in 1948. With such leadership, any candidate, Congressman, or local party leader who believes that the way for Opposition to win is to oppose *actively* is certainly free to do so. The 1954 and 1956 elections may depend upon how many Congressmen and candidates really work at the business of planned Opposition—and how soon they do it!

ABROAD

India: A New Gandhi Walks the Dusty Roads

VERA MICHELES DEAN

WHILE the international stage has been echoing with the struggle of the free world against Communist totalitarianism, behind the scenes an emaciated fifty-eight-year-old Sanskrit scholar in poor health has been quietly making history in India with his attempt to reconcile the interests of rich and poor and thereby cut the ground from under class warfare.

His name is Acharya Vinoba Bhave, and his weapon is moral persuasion. If he lives long enough to fulfill his dream of obtaining by 1957 fifty million acres of land for the ten million landless, who with their families number fifty million out of a total population of 360 million, he will be enshrined in the minds of the Hindus alongside Mahatma Gandhi, who regarded him as one of his leading disciples and, some now say, as his No. 1 successor. For Bhave's Bhoodan Yagna movement—which means a movement for "the sacrificial giving of land"—is sweeping India's ancient countryside. It has been described by the Socialist leader Jayaprakash Narayan, who has forsworn Marxism to accompany Bhave on his walking tours from village to village, as the most significant thing that has happened in India since independence. In the person of Acharya Vinoba Bhave—affectionately called Vinobaji as Gandhi was called Gandhiji—the Mahatma walks again.

Communism in Hyderabad

It all began two years ago in Telingana, in the great state of Hyderabad, whose incorporation into the Indian Federation in 1948 had created one of the serious problems in India's territorial integration following independence and partition. The Communists took advantage of conflicts between the majority of the population, who were Hindus, and the ruling class, who were mostly Moslems, and capitalized on the retarded condition of the state, where forced labor had been abolished only a year earlier. In the prevailing confusion, the Communists assumed a major role in the struggle over the future status of Hyderabad and of its ruler, the Nizam.

Rapidly increasing their power, they fanned peasant hostility to an agrarian economy then controlled by about a thousand feudal landholders, and by 1948 had "liberated" more than two thousand villages and were in actual control of the government in a large part of the state. When India was on the point of using force to bring Hyderabad into the Federation, the Nizam gave free rein to the Communist Party, which

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had previously been banned, and the Communists told the "liberated" villages to resist Indian troops. In spite of these threats and of Hyderabad's appeal to the United Nations Security Council, India invaded Hyderabad on September 13, 1948, and after a "hundred-hour war" took over the state and placed it under an Indian administrator, although it left the Nizam as nominal ruler. Then the Indian authorities faced the problems of suppressing the Communists and introducing more liberal political and economic practices.

The Communists, however, proved far less easy to bring into line than the princely ruler. So deeply had their influence penetrated among the villagers that long after Hyderabad had become an Indian state it was unsafe for Indian officials to travel in the countryside. What they faced was not open political hostility but a guerrilla-type warfare like that in Malaya, where Communists operating among the villagers were indistinguishable from those with whom they lived and worked.

The success of the Communists in Hyderabad gave incontrovertible proof of what has since been painfully learned in Asia: that if anti-Communists are to defeat Communism they must leave the amenities of the cities, settle among the villagers, share their hardships, and offer them some hope of improving their pitiful lot.

Bhave Walks In

This is how Bhave found his answer to the challenge of Communism. In 1951, hearing of peasant unrest in Telingana, he walked to the affected area and asked the villagers who were resisting the authorities to tell him their story. It could be summed up in one phrase: "We want land." The Communists knew this story well. As in Russia and China, they promised the villagers that if they only dispossessed the big landowners, the "liberated" land would be theirs.

This promise had a powerful appeal for the millions of India's landless, who crave some soil of their own, no matter how little, and who, in a country still overwhelmingly agricultural, can find few opportunities for employment outside of tenant farming. That the paradise predicted by the Communists might prove false, that the land seized from the landowners might then be snatched away from the individual landless family and incorporated in collective or state farms, did not enter into the villagers' calculations. They wanted land there and now—not "pie in the sky by and by," as promised them by the ruling Congress Party, which had made land redistribution one of its first subjects for legislative consideration.

The difficulty was that the Constitution promised compensation for land taken from the landowners. Not only did the landowners, who have strong supporters in the Con-

gress Party, oppose land reform, but both the central government and the states were hard pressed financially and were not eager to spend their limited funds on compensation. The result was that land reform, which seemed to open a bright new chapter for the impoverished Indian peasant, had bogged down. In some states land had actually been taken from landowners in return for nominal compensation, against which the landowners were appealing to the courts. In others reform was at a standstill. Under these circumstances the Communists were in a position to represent themselves as the villagers' only friends.

Bhave recognized the paramount importance of immediate action. In accordance with Gandhi's ideals, he opposed both unconstitutional methods and resort to violence. He did not suggest that the government should go back on its undertaking to compensate landowners for expropriated land. Nor did he condone Communist incitements to violence against either the government or the landowners. He simply proposed that all those who owned land, rich or poor, should give one-sixth of it for distribution to the landless. Their reward would come not in the form of monetary compensation but in the true Gandhian spirit it would come in the satisfaction they would enjoy by acting, as India's great spiritual poem, the Bhagavad-Gita, prescribes, in such manner as to contribute to the welfare of mankind. The sacrificial giving of land, as Bhave saw it in Telingana and has preached ever since, would give visible proof to the landless that they had not been forgotten by their people, and would bridge the gap between the haves and the have-nots, which, in Communist ideology, is the open trench of class warfare.

BHAVE'S VIEW that land should be given by all, irrespective of economic status, has been challenged by Mira Behn, formerly known as Madeline Slade, an English-born disciple of Gandhi, on the ground that it works to the disadvantage of the poor. It is Bhave's firm conviction, however, that the giving by each owner of one-sixth of his land (he figures that the average Indian family consists of father, mother, and three children, and asks for a sixth share on behalf of God) will break down class barriers in the villages and unite the rich and the poor in a common effort to act as trustees of the community in taking care of the landless.

Bhave counts on public opinion, including the pressure of rich donors on those of their group who hold back, to bring about land redistribution in a relatively short time. By August of this year he had collected close to two million acres. His goal of fifty million acres by 1957 would give each landless family five acres, regarded by Bhave as the average holding needed for efficient production.

A number of criticisms of Bhave's

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program have been made by others besides Mira Behn. These critics argue that the average landholding is, in fact, much smaller—often less than one acre—and that under his terms those now landless would come out better than the villagers who already own land. Gifts of land, they say, would lead to further fragmentation, which is already a curse of India, making efficient cultivation and the urgently needed rise in production of food impracticable at a time when what India needs is consolidation of holdings.

Then, too, many of the gifts thus far received are said to be of poor quality and include tracts which, as Mira Behn has poetically put it, are taken away from "the cattle and the trees." Moreover, the actual surveying and distribution of land among the landless would require technical skills and administrative machinery presently not available among the voluntary workers who accompany and assist Bhave.

These and other criticisms are admitted by Bhave's supporters to be valid, at least in some cases. But Bhave believes that the paramount thing right now is to give the villagers the feeling that land redistribution can and will be carried out by peaceful means. He recognizes the danger of fragmentation and recommends consolidation of land whenever practicable. He does not advocate collective farming, which would be alien to the highly individualistic Indian peasant and, given the pressure of population on land, would not yield the results in terms of increased production that might be feasible in a land-rich country.

Bhave's supporters, however, favor co-operative farming wherever possible—as does India's Planning Commission, which under the Five-Year Plan urges co-operation in providing finance, joint ownership of agricultural machinery and pumps for lifting water, and co-operative marketing. They also realize that gifts of land will not altogether solve the problems of the landless, and consequently they suggest that city dwellers do their share of "sacrificial giving" by making pledges of money for the purchase of plows, bullocks, seed, and other necessities.

Political Repercussions

The significance of the Bhoodan Yagna movement may be gauged by the support it is receiving from leaders of the Congress Party as well as from the Socialists. In India, where there is a deep feeling for spiritual leadership, a man like Bhave who is dedicated to the service of the people and is known to have no political ax to grind exercises a far greater influence than any political figure lacking in spiritual qualities. Bhave takes no sides in politics. But if the Socialist Party, which now repudiates Marxism as too materialistic, continues to associate itself with his movement, as the American-educated Jayaprakash—a Communist before he turned to Socialism—is fervently doing today, the Socialists will acquire a powerful rice-roots base they lacked when they represented primarily the interests of the urban workers.

It is significant that in by-elections held since the general elections of 1951-1952, in which the Socialists did not do as well as had been expected, Socialism has been winning at the expense of the Congress Party. And last March Nehru, who regards Jayaprakash as a younger brother, negotiated with him unsuccessfully about the possibility of co-operation between the Congress and Socialist Parties and Jayaprakash's entrance into the Cabinet. Well-informed Indians, big industrialists as well as labor leaders and politicians, believe that the Socialist leader is currently the most probable successor to Nehru.

But it is not only the Socialists who see in the Bhoodan Yagna movement a most significant development. Congress Party leaders have been consulting Bhave about the problem of unemployment in urban centers, which is now the government's prime worry. To them he has emphasized Gandhi's interest in the development of cottage industries, which are now often referred to as "small-scale industries" to avoid the implication that they must be solely handicraft enterprises. Bhave and other old supporters of Gandhi contend that, contrary to some erroneous impressions abroad, the Mahatma did not oppose the use of modern machinery. What he opposed was the centralization of large-scale industry in big cities, where, he believed, human beings would lose their moral qualities. In their opinion, he would have given his approval to small industries using electric power, which can be provided by the Bhakra and Damodar Valley Corporation dams.

Again it should be noted that Gandhi's ideas about industry, as

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expounded by Bhave, are being developed by Jayaprakash and by Ashok Mehta, Socialist leader of Bombay, one of India's principal industrial centers, who have come to the conclusion that large-scale industrialization either of the U. S. or the Russian type is unsuited to conditions in India. These men are more interested in Yugoslavia's current plans for economic development and in the "codetermination" by management and workers introduced in the coal-and-steel enterprises of West Germany. Meanwhile another Gandhi supporter who was once a Marxist, Minoo Masani, now associated with the Tata industrial enterprises, has urged a Bhoodan Yagna movement for industry. He would have the industrialists, who are now in bad odor because many of them chose profiteering and speculation in commodities for a quick turnover instead of long-term investment, might regain an honorable position in society by sharing their capital and managerial talents with the community on a basis comparable to the one-sixth gift Bhave is urging on the landowners.

THE MOST IMPRESSIVE aspect of the Bhoodam movement is that it is giving expression to a moral revival in India. Independence, which had been fervently awaited as the dawn of a new era, was accompanied by a partition that rent the living flesh of the subcontinent. Even under ideal conditions, glowing promises of the changes — economic and social as well as political—that independence would bring could have been fulfilled only slowly and inadequately. And the post-independence circumstances included a shortage of food, the repercussions of the Korean War, and the challenge of Communism. Men and women who had labored and suffered for a great cause could not always sustain their sacrificial efforts in a period that offered rich prizes of power and comfort. The atmosphere in India after 1947 was like that of France when the fine glow of the resistance movement gave way to the humdrum efforts of a weary people to recapture "normalcy."

Now, having recovered its wind, India is once more thinking of moral values. It feels repelled by leaders who want to enjoy the fleshpots of success instead of acting as trustees of society or, to use the name of one group of dedicated Indian leaders, as "servants of India." Bhave, who lived in Gandhi's *ashram* and shared his experiences, responds to this new mood. He does not challenge the position of Nehru, the sophisticated, sensitive leader brought up in the traditions of both the West and of India, who like a poet crystallizes in eloquent words the inner feelings not only of his own people but of many Asians.

Nonviolent Change

The moral influence that Bhave exercises can be judged by the country-wide revulsion in September, after he and some followers were attacked and beaten with shoes—the ultimate insult to a Hindu—as he attempted to lead a band of Untouchables into the 1,200-year-old Temple of Baidyanath, traditionally reserved to high castes. Gandhi had urged the free entry of Untouchables into all temples, and a flood of editorials, speeches, and statements denouncing the government's failure to protect that group's new constitutional rights swept India. *Harijan* (Untouchable) members of the legislature of Bihar State where the incident occurred issued a statement saying: "Acharya Vinoba Bhave is now the only hope of the poor and the downtrodden section of the population."

If to practice what you preach is revolutionary, then Acharya Vinoba Bhave, who wields a spade every night at the end of a toilsome walk through the countryside as a symbol of his community of spirit with those who till the land, is a revolutionary. But his objective is to give India nonviolent change through the traditional Indian method, perfected by Gandhi, of winning opponents by persuasion and showing them—as Gandhi sought to show the British and Bhave tries to do with the landlords—that it is they, not their victims, who suffer most from their own acts of injustice or oppression.

Nor does Bhave nurture illusions about Russia or Communist China. Recently he was asked, "Why cannot India adopt the Chinese way for bringing happiness to her people?" This was his answer: "People do praise China a great deal. But the change in China has been brought about through a political revolution. A political revolution has its own way of doing things. . . . You will thus see that the Chinese example is not applicable to our country. But we do think that our government can and should quicken its present pace of progress."

Bhave recognizes that the "pace of progress" will determine whether India can succeed in carrying out peacefully the far-reaching changes that Russia and China have wrought only by violent totalitarian methods.

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Daniel Malan's Heir Apparent

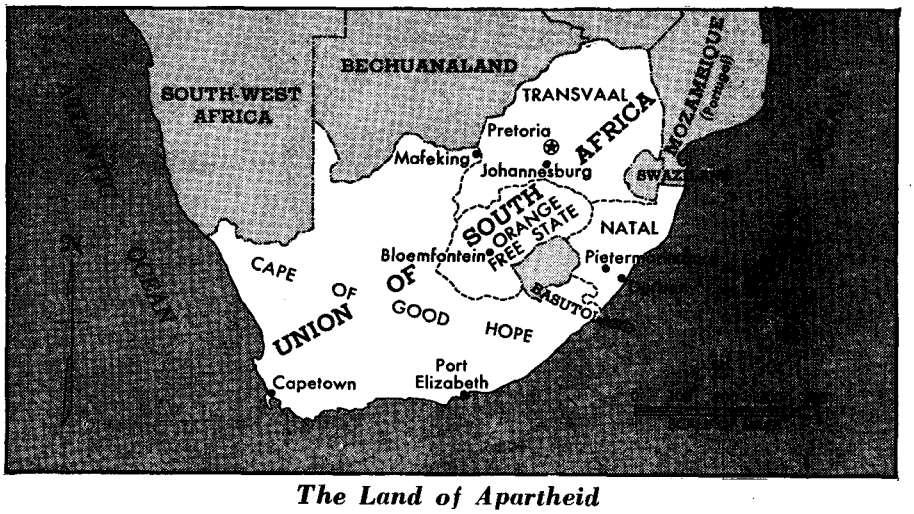
NOEL MOSTERT

When Dr. Daniel François Malan, the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, made what he called a good-will tour of Europe last summer, he left the affairs of the Union temporarily in the hands of his trusted lieutenant, Johannes Gerhard Strijdom. The appointment of Strijdom (pronounced "Straydom") as Acting Prime Minister confirmed a rumor that had been going the rounds for months—that Strijdom had been chosen as Malan's political heir.

The legacy includes not only the widely publicized racial problems of the Union but also what is perhaps the most tragic economic paradox in the western world. The Union of South Africa has almost half of the world's gold, most of its diamonds, a large uranium industry—which members of the U.S. Congress's Joint Committee on Atomic Energy recently inspected—and a flush of surface prosperity comparable only to that of the United States and Canada. And yet beneath its outward show of fine roads, Cadillacs, tall buildings, luxury trains, and flashy clubs, South Africa is desperately poor, its lands either wasted or wasting, and most of its inhabitants below or close to the subsistence level.

The resounding victory of Malan's Nationalist party in the elections last April increased the belief that the ailing seventy-nine-year-old Prime Minister, content at last in his valedictory glory, would soon pass these problems on to a successor. During most of Malan's long and bitter career he has been an outcast, even from his own party, but the power to which he came five years ago allowed him to make up for the slights of the past, and he may look upon last April's victory as his final vindication.

Although he has been the center of violent emotions, there is little fanaticism in Malan's make-up, just a plodding singleness of purpose. Tired and frequently ill, he would still prefer to go on carrying the burdens of his office unless he felt he could pass them to someone with a devotion as strong as his own. In Strijdom he has found his man.



The Land of Apartheid

Strijdom's climb to power has been steady, ruthless, and shrewd. As boss of the dominant and surly Transvaal Nationalists, he spoke openly for a fascist victory during the Second World War. The two main weapons in his oratorical arsenal are "the black menace" and "British-Jewish imperialism."

His views on the racial tensions that threaten the land have a classic simplicity. Strijdom refers casually to the nonwhites who constitute four-fifths of South Africa's population as "the things," explaining, "When we refer to the people as a nation, we mean the Europeans." This definition excludes some ten million nonwhites, most of them Bantu—a race of mixed Hamites, with the Negro infusion dominant—and the others mulattoes and Asians. The two and a half million Europeans lucky enough to fit Strijdom's definition fall into two groups. Two-thirds of them are Afrikaners, descendants of the original Dutch, German, and French settlers; the rest are of British lineage.

Strijdom shares with Malan a conviction that the Afrikaners are the predestined leaders of South Africa. Politically, most Afrikaners support the Nationalists, while the Opposition United Party has been generally thought of as the British party. But all the United Party's leaders have been Afrikaners, and it has the support of a third of the Afrikaner voters. Strijdom, Malan, and the entire Nationalist Government are Afrikaners, and they represent the currently dominant aspect of a people whom history has stamped with contradiction. The Afrikaners have produced not only Strijdom and Malan but also South Africa's greatest liberal, Jan H. Hofmeyr—who spoke

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for full advancement of the Native races—and the coutry's most renowned statesman, Jan Christiaan Smuts, whose deputy Hofmeyr was until 1948. Some Afrikaners sabotaged for the Nazi cause, while far more of them fought against it. Montgomery called them "tanks among men."

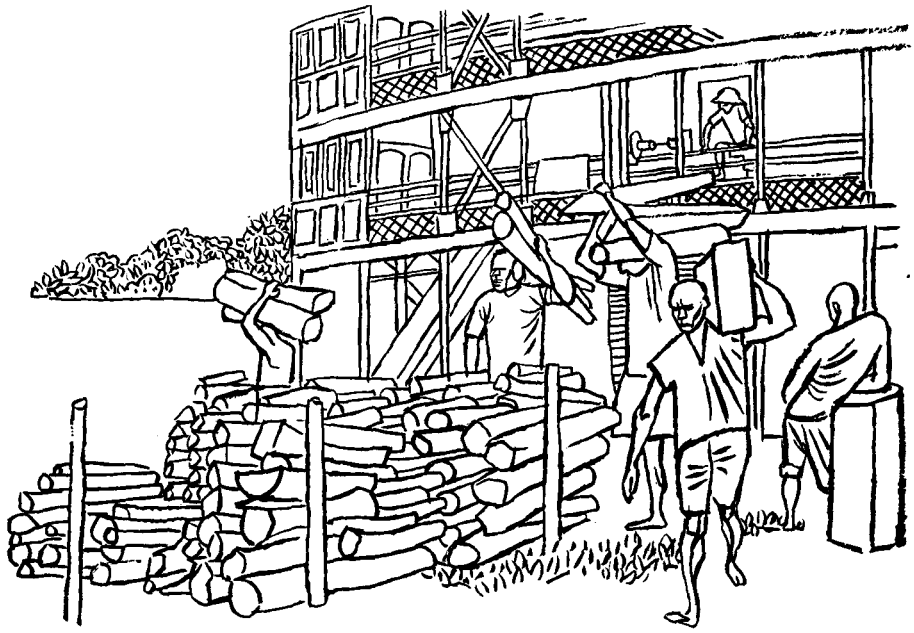
Socially, Afrikaners are hospitable and generous, but ideologically they are largely unable to shake off rancor and hate. In the Transvaal, a Boer republic defeated by the British in 1899-1902, Afrikaners are unable to forget or forgive Britain's triumph; they look upon Strijdom as the man with the strength to redeem the past. Expressive of this obsession with the past was Strijdom's decision a few months ago to change the spelling of his name from the modern Afrikaans style, Strydom, to the old form used by the Boers.

Strijdom's popularity in the Transvaal is based upon such stern pronouncements as this: "The Nationalist party is striving for a republic such as the Boers created for themselves. In South Africa we have to deal with many anti-Nationalists and un-Nationalist elements who will try to wreck the republic. The Nationalist party will not tolerate these elements—it will destroy them root and branch."

The Preacher and the Panther

While Malan is revered by the Afrikaners, Strijdom may prove the more potent leader. Malan, heavy-jowled and portly, seldom smiles, but Strijdom has a quick sense of humor, and his booming assertiveness in the House of Assembly is in sharp contrast to the religious rightousness of Malan, a former minister. During debate in the House, where he is easily the best speaker, Strijdom leans back in his front-bench seat, supple and poised. He makes a pantherlike bound to his feet when he is ready to join the fray, and his sentences are rapped out with impatience and anger. He is sixty but looks much younger. With his tight lips, lean cheeks, and close-cropped hair, he could be type-cast as a Prussian aristocrat.

Strijdom grew up on a farm where hard work developed his physique. Then he studied law, started a practice, and became secretary of the



Transvaal Nationalists in 1918. Politics became his career. Unlike Malan and Smuts, he has never been outside South Africa, and he has no intellectual or recreational interests other than his cause.

Both Malan and Strijdom are uncompromisingly direct. There is nothing Machiavellian in either. Their essential difference lies in the application of their respective beliefs. Malan, for all his fervent purpose, is content in the long run to abide by parliamentary principles, whereas Strijdom has been known to ignore for as long as fifteen minutes an insistent presiding officer's demand that he sit down.

His disregard for rules was perhaps best illustrated by his position on the mulatto vote question, a central issue in last April's election. The mulattoes—there are about a million of them—live almost entirely in the Cape Province. They are the only nonwhites who are permitted to vote on the same basis as whites. On the average about forty thousand exercise this right. In the past they were understood to control at least six districts that traditionally return United Party Members. The Nationalists, in their efforts to reduce the voting power of the mulattoes, have consistently claimed that this power is a "menace" to white superiority (although an analysis of the last election results indicated that the mulattoes had a decisive influence in only one constituency).

Malan, backed by Strijdom on the floor of the House, has tried unsuccessfully during the last three years to place the mulattoes in the Cape Province on the same basis as the Bantu, who vote only on an indirect roll which has no bearing on the election results but simply gives them three white representatives in Parliament. The Nationalists would give the mulattoes four representatives. The South African Constitution provides that such a change could be made only if it were approved by a two-thirds majority of Parliament, which Malan still lacks.

Although mulattoes enjoy the direct vote and the Bantu the indirect vote in only one of the Union's four provinces, their suffrage is a symbol of encouragement and hope to all advanced nonwhites throughout the country. Strijdom's avowed intention is to do away with the symbol as soon as possible. "Arguments about a two-thirds majority," he has said, "are futile. The European must be supreme." And regarding the Bantu vote, he has asked, "What difference would it make to a Native whether his representation is abolished by a majority of two-thirds or a majority of one?"

The South African Supreme Court has gone on record against these sentiments. The Nationalists' Colored Vote Act—mulattoes are known as "Coloreds," Bantu as "Natives"—was thrown out by the court because it violated the Constitution. Malan retaliated by writing a "High Court of Parliament" bill which, in effect,

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declared that the Supreme Court has no right to pass on Parliament's word as expressed by the Government's small pre-election majority. This second bill was also declared illegal by the courts.

EARLY IN SEPTEMBER the Nationalists tried to establish the all-white electorate constitutionally by calling a joint session of Parliament and asking a free vote on the issue. They hoped to lure support from right-wing United Party Members to muster the required two-thirds majority. This attempt also failed, and Malan came right back with a new measure to limit the powers of the appeals court. Like its predecessor, it also seems destined to fail, but perhaps that's exactly what the Nationalists want. The crisis has been the Opposition's main point of attack, and the failure of the new bill would give Malan and Strijdom an opportunity to refer the matter to a select House committee that could go on sitting for the rest of the life of this parliament—five years. The matter would remain *sub judice* on the floor of the House as long as the committee was sitting, but the period of calm would give Strijdom a chance to take over from Malan. Already the passive resistance campaign has flickered out, which is hardly surprising in view of new laws that provide for flogging of all those defying segregation laws. "Anybody," Strijdom has threatened, "who purposely tries to upset the government's *apartheid* . . . policy will be guilty of high treason just as those who refuse to take up arms in defense of their country would be guilty."

The Nationalists need time. Although there seems little chance that they will be defeated in the near future, Malan is well aware of the unpopularity of Strijdom's fanaticism in much of the country, and he knows that a change of leadership can be accomplished successfully only in a period of calm, however deceptive the calm may be. Strijdom himself has seen fit to water down many of his views.

The Home of Violence

The entire South African situation pivots on Afrikaner nationalism, which, through the joint efforts of

Strijdom and Malan, has changed its form in the last decade or so. The movement began in the conservative Cape Province. Its original leader, General James Barry Munnik Hertzog, a former Boer general, although advocating Afrikaner dominance, promised full respect for the English-speaking sections of the population. Hertzog, Smuts, and Louis Botha, the Union's first Premier, were all generals who fought the British in the Boer War, but they respected their former enemies in peace and they all spoke for moderation. Today's nationalists are men who either did not fight or were too young to fight.

Malan, himself a product of the Cape, differed with its leaders in that he wanted no association whatsoever with Britain or British culture. He has always regarded as supreme heresy Cecil Rhodes's creed of "equal rights for all civilized men." Malan has repeatedly denounced "jingoistic Capetown," where the city council is composed of mulattoes and Asians as well as whites and where park benches are not marked "Europeans only."

The Transvaal is an area of unyielding hardness. Its reddish, fissured soil is gashed by frequent thunderstorms so that its scarlet topsoil floods off in bright streams as though from a stricken and bleeding creature. Its climate and its politics have made it the home of South African violence. The deep sense of inferiority that followed the defeat of the republic has grown rather than diminished.

The Cape, blessed with a Riviera climate and unscarred by war, is rich with vineyards and fertile hills. Whereas the Transvaal Afrikaner is usually of modest means, his Cape compatriot lives on a relatively opulent scale. They have little liking for one another.

Malan went to the Transvaal and to Strijdom for support in his opposition to the leaders of the Cape school. Hertzog's Nationalist organization was broken in 1939 when Smuts defeated him on the question of neutrality in the Second World War, and the neutralists flocked to Malan, who took an even more adamant stand than Hertzog and reorganized the party. The moderates supported Smuts and war on the side of the Commonwealth.

Strijdom was projected into national importance when Malan's party unexpectedly defeated Smuts's United Party in 1948 in the first postwar election. Malan offered Strijdom his choice of Cabinet seats, but Strijdom passed over the plums and settled for the Ministry of Lands, the most innocuous portfolio of all. He had little to do other than sponsor measures favorable to the powerful rural vote while his colleagues shouldered the legislative entanglements of *apartheid*. The rest of the time he spent building his organization and mapping election strategy.

WITHOUT Strijdom's organization and planning, Malan might easily have lost the recent election. As it was, the Nationalist Party trailed 80,000 behind the United Party in a popular vote of more than 1,400,000. Traditional Nationalist strength is in rural districts, which by South Africa's peculiar electoral distribution laws get more than their fair share of seats in the Assembly. A tremendous population flow from the land to the cities in recent years—prompted by severe droughts and erosion—had weakened the Nationalists, who realized they had to enter urban areas where the United Party was traditionally strong in order to make up for their losses in the country.

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Strijdom was especially successful in the urban areas of his own Transvaal, most of which sprout along the great gold reef around Johannesburg. This area drew most of the influx of poor-white Afrikaners, who in 1939 were unofficially estimated to make up ten per cent of the total white population.

Sharecroppers and idlers, clinging stubbornly to their pride of color but scarcely able to live above Native standards, they were absorbed into war-activated industries and became a new lower middle class. They have not forgotten how close they once came economically to the level of the Bantu, and they still fear submergence should removal of the industrial color bar open their semi-skilled jobs to nonwhite competition. In the green shirts and khaki shorts of the Broederbond organization, a group that plotted for Nazi victory during the war, they feel that they can achieve the social prestige that has long been denied them. The Nationalist victory in several major Transvaal industrial centers could be traced directly to this group.

One of the first items proposed by Strijdom for the new parliament is a bill reducing the eligible voting age from twenty-one to eighteen. Since Afrikaner youth are twice as numerous as English-speaking youth and take about twice as much interest in politics, the effect in the next election may be overwhelming.

Too Far, Too Soon?

The United Party, which all but climbed on the *apartheid* bandwagon during the election to refute Nationalist cries that it wanted equal rights for all, was badly shaken by its defeat. There was immediate and open discontent with the leadership of the mild-mannered J. G. N. Strauss, a former secretary of Smuts's, who is no match for Strijdom.

Two new parties were soon formed. The Liberal Party dedicated itself to "the essential dignity of every human being irrespective of race, color or creed, and maintenance of his fundamental rights." It is the first South African white-sponsored political party so bold as to suggest equal opportunity for all.

The Federal Union Party draws its support mainly from Natal Province, whose residents still speak of England as "home." This second party wants provincial autonomy or, failing that, the secession of Natal. The Nationalists have answered with a threat of economic sanctions against the province.

The Federal Union group will certainly win far more popular support than the Liberals. Apart from a seat held by their president, Mrs. Margaret Ballinger, as white representative of the Bantu, the Liberals are not likely to gain any seats in Parliament. The *Cape Times,* the most liberal of South Africa's dailies, voiced popular sentiment toward the Liberals when it described them as probably "going too far, too soon."

The Liberal Party is an expression rather than a movement—the angry expression of South Africa's most sensitive personalities, among them the writers Alan Paton and Leo Marquard. But the Bantu leaders, because of the group's almost solidly white leadership, have announced that they will not support it.

Since both new parties were formed after the election, the United Party will remain, for at least the next five years and probably after that, the official Opposition. The significance of the new parties is not so much in the new ideals they express as in the splintering, and thus weakening, of the opposition to Malanism.

A STOUT, HANDSOME woman in her fifties, Mrs. Ballinger has held her Bantu seat for the past seventeen years. The Bantu call her "Tembeki," meaning "One Who Is Trusted." Reason is a strange voice in South Africa, and even to the uninitiated it is commanding. When Miss Ballinger speaks in the House, everyone listens, including Malan. Never emotional and seldom bitter, she speaks with the stoical accents of the Natives themselves.

"Segregation is a strait-jacket: a perpetuation of a cheap labor policy," she has said. "Wherever we look we see this enormous problem —of how to feed a huge nonwhite population who cannot afford to pay for their own food because of economic conditions which force them into a wage market where they are not paid enough to live on."

As the Afrikaners flowed into the cities from the land, so did the Bantu, in the hundreds of thousands. They left the poverty of their eroded reserves for the poverty of the city slums. Locked out of employment by the color bar, they turned to crime, striking fear among the whites and thus strengthening the Nationalist Party. Forty-five per cent of the Natives remain on the reserves, others on white farmlands, and the rest are city dwellers. In all areas, their health is dismal. Of 6,508 Natives tested for tuberculosis in one survey, sixty-six per cent reacted positively.

Most of the Natives still accept underprivilege with the indifference characteristic of poverty in lands of sunshine. They still retain an almost childlike trust in the white man. By and large, the pressures of *apartheid* have not brought any great change, since they have affected only the Bantu in the cities. The Bantu remains an individual of extreme good will and great charm. So far he does not seem to have developed that deep psychological distrust of the white man that has become prevalent in Asia. It is the dissipation of this trust and good will that is perhaps the greatest tragedy of South Africa.

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Let Sleeping Spaniards Lie

BILL MAULDIN

THROUGH a half-open door in Madrid Airport this summer, I watched one of Franco's cops holding my passport in one hand and studying a long sheet of paper in the other. "Aha," I thought, "somebody's been reading my stuff! They've got me on a list of undesirable passport numbers, and I'll be put on the next outbound plane."

This suited me fine. If I had been traveling for my own pleasure I would never have set foot in Franco's blighted country anyway. But being on a paid assignment, with Spain on the itinerary, I had to make at least an effort to get in.

Reluctantly (I hoped), the passport was cleared and I entered the capital, prepared to see all the trappings of the modern police state—the furtive faces, the shadowy detectives, the endless statues and portraits of the dictator, the slogans on the walls—and determined to brave it through, stay out of trouble, keep my opinions to myself, make my notes, and get the hell out.

'You'll Be Sorry'

It was almost a disappointment to discover that it's possible for a foreigner to enjoy himself in Spain for weeks at a time without ever being reminded of El Caudillo's existence. Whether this is because the Spaniards don't go for statues and pictures of the old boy, whether Franco is making an attempt at benevolence, or whether for the moment the iron fist is simply covered with a velvet glove and extended in greeting to the tourist and his dollar, I don't know. But I did find that if you keep out of the cops' hair in this police state they'll keep out of yours.

Of course, in the end I had to get mixed up with them. One day I hired a car and driver in Madrid—such luxuries are cheap in Spain—to go sightseeing at the Escorial, about an hour's drive from the capital. On the return trip we came across a motorcycle on its back in a pile of broken rock at the roadside, its wheels still turning lazily. The mangled rider was sprawled out on the road in a pool of blood. My driver, showing no sign of even slowing down, started to swerve around the gory mess, but when I thought I saw the corpse's foot twitch I made him stop. Sure enough, the man still breathed. It was a lonely stretch of desert with no houses and certainly no telephones in sight.

"If you must get us into this," said the driver, who spoke good English, "we'll send an ambulance from Madrid."

"By the time we get there and the ambulance gets back he'll really be dead," I said, "Look at the blood pouring out of him." The man had a great hole in the center of his forehead where he'd hit a sharp rock.

"You'll be sorry," the driver said, helping me hoist the body into the back seat. I put the victim's head on my lap, holding it high to slow the bleeding, and the driver, still protesting, got a rubber poncho out of the trunk—to protect my clothes, he said, but I knew he was thinking of his upholstery.

A FEW MILES from Madrid our casualty came to life, stared wildly at me and about the car's interior, and started yelling hysterically and struggling to reach the door handle. Despite his loss of blood—and this sudden activity was splattering great new gouts of it all over me and the seat—the man put up such a violent fight that only the fear of compounding a possible skull fracture kept me from busting him in the teeth to quiet him.

"What the hell is the matter with him?" I asked the driver, after getting a firm grip on our victim and choking him down.

"He's a smart man," the driver said over his shoulder. "He knows better than to get involved in an accident . . . officially, that is."

In the hospital emergency room, I stood by a cracked enamel sink swabbing blood off my pants with a handful of wet gauze while the injured man, still glowering and growling at me, was being treated for his head wound, a sprained wrist, a cracked shin, and various cuts and contusions. The driver, in complete sympathy with the ingrate, translated for him.

"He's not only mad because you've got us all in police trouble, but he wants to know why you abandoned his motorcycle. He'll never see it again."

"Gee, that's tough," I said.

THEY WEREN'T fooling about the police. The room began to fill up with them, and the driver and I were led off to the precinct station by one contingent while another stayed behind to question the casualty.

Up a flight of dark stairs, in a dark room filled with an evil mustiness, seated on and behind a heavy table, wearing pin-striped shirts, loosened ties, and wide galluses, were three of the most bull-necked, barrel-chested, mean-eyed toenail pullers and rubber-hose artists I've ever had the bad luck to meet. And all the Franco mementos I'd missed elsewhere in the city were more than made up for by a monstrous portrait

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of El Caudillo that took up one whole wall of the room.

They started on the driver first, and as he showed his papers and shifted his weight from one foot to the other, I caught the gist of the questions. Why did we stop? Why no license numbers? Why no witnesses? Maybe we had caused the accident ourselves? Well, then, why had we interfered? By the time they turned to me, I felt the best I could hope for was another six months in Spain answering questions and signing affidavits. And I didn't even know where to find a consul, provided they would let me look for one. But ten seconds after my passport hit the table we were on our way downstairs, unescorted and free.

"It must be fine to be an American," said the driver, not without bitterness, as I helped him wipe his upholstery. "If they hadn't thought you were English, they probably wouldn't even have arrested us."

ON THE WAY HOME, we passed a deeply shadowed doorway out of which protruded the legs and feet of a prostrate Spaniard. Drunk? Siesta? The feet had that peculiarly flaccid, horizontal attitude of the freshly dead. I leaned back on the damp cushion and lit a cigarette as we drove on.

Warning to Young Musicians: Learn a Useful Trade

JAMES HINTON, Jr.

UPON LEARNING that a young person he has just met hopes to make a career of serious music, seldom does anyone ask bluntly, "Why?" He may wonder, but he doesn't ask. There is a strong social taboo against anatomizing the artistic impulse. So conversation is confined to little verbal gestures of wonder and approbation on the one side and embarrassed responses on the other. Another, more mundane, question doesn't get asked either: "How?"

Both "Why?" and "How?" are perfectly good questions, but, like most good questions, they are much easier to ask than to answer. The first, of course, is a real invasion of privacy. A perfectly justifiable response would be: "None of your business." Actually, "Because I want to" would cover the ground in a good many cases.

"How?" touches less pointedly on matters of the soul, perhaps, but it is not much easier to answer. It must be answered in practical terms, and if a satisfactory answer cannot be found, the whole subject is likely to become much too painful for discussion.

TAKE a case in point. The most unhappy person I knew in the Navy was a sonar officer who was really a pianist. Plenty of people were unhappy all around him, most of them simply because they were in the Navy at all. His trouble was different. When he got out he would go back to a middle-sized town in Indiana and teach children to play the piano. Eating would be no problem; his mother had money.

But all he had ever wanted to be was a concert pianist. His whole life had been built around that idea. He wasn't going to have a career, and he knew it. The thought made him miserable, and he thought it all the time.

At the age of four and a half he had crawled up onto the piano stool and hit part of a C major chord on the family Mason & Hamlin. As mothers will, his mother heard and marveled. Her son was musical—like Mozart. That was all there was to it.

He began taking piano lessons. He practiced for hour after hour, never complaining, never questioning that he was going to grow up to be a great pianist. Everybody said that he was a prodigy, and, by definition, he was. He outgrew teacher after teacher. He went to college and kept right on practicing—five hours, six hours a day, seven days a week, year in and year out.

When he graduated he practiced for a year, took a summer course, and gave a New York recital. No managers rushed to sign him, so he practiced for another year and played in New York again. The results were no different. Finally he opened a studio in his home town and began taking a few pupils, at a higher fee than any other piano teacher around. Parents paid gladly. He had played in New York and been away a lot; he was a real concert pianist. When the war came, he had a degree in music and four one-paragraph, yes-no-maybe reviews from the New York morning papers as proof of his status.

Sometimes he would get slightly tight on crème de menthe frappés and sit down at an officers' club piano and play. When he did, everybody in the club stopped talking to listen, and when he finished they applauded and bought him drinks. Those years of practice had given him a keyboard technique that not even destroyer duty could ruin. He was not just a good piano player; he was a cultivated, sensitive musician. In fact, he was almost good enough to have a career—which is not unlike saying that a race horse is almost good enough to run in horse races.

So he hung around the sonar gear,

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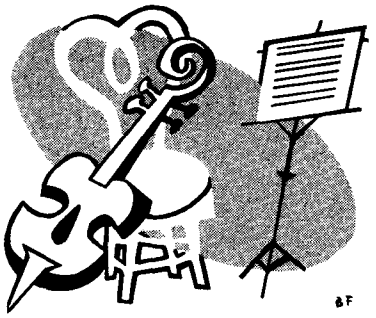


explaining the Doppler effect to passing seamen, identifying pitches for anybody who cared, waiting uneasily for the war to end. His present pupils probably don't like him much. I'm sure he is too impatient with their fumbling to be a good teacher. But what can a pianist without an audience do except teach other people to play the piano?

Art Is Its Own Reward

Certainly the would-be concert artists who fail have no corner on frustration. Plenty of people without an artistic bone in their bodies suffer from ambitions unfulfilled. Relatively few, though, work so agonizingly hard and long, reach so high a level of competence, come so close to success, and, failing, hit with such a dismal thud. It is easy enough to say, "Well, he has his music; art is its own reward." Maybe so, but if you had worked for more than thirty years to become another Paderewski and wound up teaching little girls to play "The Happy Farmer" you might not feel so very serene either.

The classified columns are filled with ads urging young college graduates to assemble and be selected for training as executives, line of business not specified. "Excell oppy, fine co," they say; "$55 wk st." But what of the young man who does not want to become an executive, no matter how excell the oppy, no matter how fine the co; who does not want to break the sound barrier on the drawing board or make his way to the top of the atomic pile?

He may be deluded. Perhaps his ambition to become an actor or a pianist or a writer is doomed from the outset because of his own lack of talent. Nobody can tell him this; he has to find out for himself. There is no other way.

In New York alone thousands of no-talent cases are bedded down in furnished rooms each week when the rent comes due. They live off their families or dredge little livings out of Macy's Basement, stoking their illusive hopes by talking with each other. Eventually most of them give up. They either go home, where dreaming is cheaper, or face up to the problem of making a living in realistic terms. Replacements are always arriving; the ranks never seem to thin.

There are others who are not deluded, though. They are the ones with enough talent, or almost enough, to succeed. What of them?

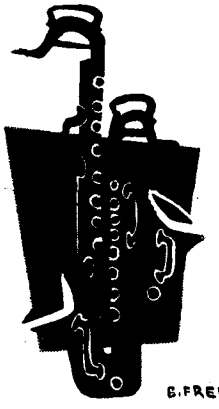
THE BRIGHT young college graduate who wants to be "a writer" is in sad enough plight, but he can usual-

ly earn enough to keep himself in milk and peanut butter. Enough printer's ink is dispensed each day to keep a huge number of typewriters clattering. If his skill with words is sufficient and his willingness to sell it unscrupled, he may make a great deal of money. The spiritual rewards to be gained from writing copy for toothpaste advertisements or please-remit letters or mail-order catalogues are said, by those who know, to be slight. But then, the average aspiring writer hasn't spent six hours a day, seven days a week, ever since he got out of diapers, mastering his technique, polishing his style. Neither has the average aspiring singer, painter, or actor, for that matter. The aspiring concert instrumentalist has, though, and if he fails he does not merely fall short of an adolescent ambition, sought systematically, if at all, only in young manhood; he loses the moral investment of his whole young lifetime.

Is Anybody Listening?

Why must the chasm between success and failure in the concert field be so great? America is a musical country, if capacity for absorbing decibels is any criterion of music appreciation. Radios, record players, jukeboxes, and television sets pour music out hour after hour, day, night, and in between times. People get up to music, eat to music, do the housework to music, work to music, drive automobiles to music, drink to music, and go to bed to music. But most of the time nobody seems to listen. A kind of harmonic Gresham's law becomes effective, and the worthless music drives out the good. Music is used as a sort of sedative, as aural padding to ease the shock of such harsh intrusions as conversation. This variety of musical experience, like most movie music, presents a psychiatric rather than an aesthetic problem. It is simply background noise, arranged in more or less regular patterns. Its relationship to music seriously considered is about that of dime-store statuary to the Parthenon.

Yet, in spite of this, there are people all over America who really listen seriously to music. They may outrage the professional by misusing a technical term in calling everything they listen to "classical" if it has an intellectual content greater than that of a Lehár waltz, but they do listen. They buy recordings by famous artists of music by famous composers; they listen to certain broadcasts at certain times; they go to concerts, weather permitting, when they are within driving distance.



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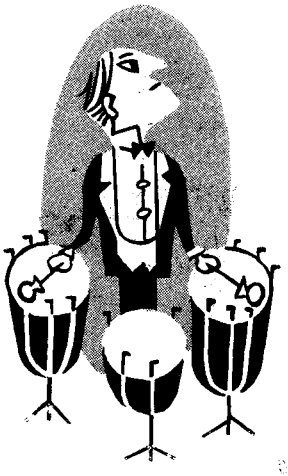
Many of them are listeners of real taste and discrimination; many more are becoming so with the boom in high-fidelity phonographs and long-playing records. A good many, though, still take exactly what they are offered and love it all without differentiation. Music is Heifetz and Horowitz and Toscanini and Frank Black and Mishel Piastro and Oscar Levant and José Iturbi and Marian Anderson and Mario Lanza and James Melton and Marguerite Piazza. It is the Metropolitan Opera broadcast on Saturday afternoon and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony on Sunday. Brahms had a beard; Beethoven had none. All great composers are dead composers except Stravinsky; he wrote a piece, very modern, about spring. People who speak confidently about music on the radio are famous music critics —like Milton Cross, Boris Goldovsky, and Sigmund Spaeth.

It is useless to feel insulted by this crazy-house of musical and quasi-musical images. Remember, for every one of them you can place in proper perspective you have a neighbor, not far distant, who neither knows nor cares a rap about such distortion. There is no compelling moral reason why he ought to, any more than he ought to care about the distinction between Marcel Proust and Mickey Spillane or be able to sense the fine shade of difference between Michelangelo and Al Capp.

THERE ARE two inferential points here that affect the prospects of the would-be concert performer.

First, to most musically literate or semi-literate Americans, serious music is still a project that involves the importation, either bodily or by electronic means, of brand-name performers to play or sing or explain a severely limited repertoire of brand-name compositions, most of which are a hundred or more years old. The implications of this for the young composer are serious indeed; but we're talking about the performer. His position in this: If he is to build a successful career he must make his name one of the favored brands; to accomplish this he must devote his energies to the performance of brand-name music, whether he likes it or not. If he feels an affinity only for music of his own century, he may as well give up his dreams of winning recognition from any but a small and special metropolitan audience.



Second, it will be observed that the brand-name status of performers relates only in a haphazard way to absolute artistic worth. There is one thing they all have in common: They are personalities. To become a brand-name personality it is necessary to have the essential ingredients and to have them skillfully promoted. If the potential musical personality is also an expert musician, so much the better.

This is not to say that the reputations of artists like Horowitz and Heifetz are not merited; they are. It is to say that imaginative advertising and good public relations are just as important in selling a musician as they are in selling a cellophane wrapper full of pig meat. Advertising campaigns and careers are charted in New York. So are musical careers.

So far, so good. Our would-be concert performer must come to New York. For the sake of particular discussion, let us make him a pianist.

There are more pianos than other kinds of musical instruments in American homes, hence more pianists than other kinds of musicians.

His object is to enlist the aid of one of the big concert management bureaus in the campaign to make *his* name a brand name. He has his eye on two managements as potential sharers in the coming glory—Columbia Artists Management and National Concert and Artists Corporation. They are the two biggest in the business. Either will serve his purpose. Smaller, independent managers have their trouble booking scattered individual dates for even the most promising newcomer, but Columbia and N.C.A.C. have strange and wonderful tentacles called, respectively, Community Concerts and Civic Concerts, and, collectively, the organized-audience plan.

The organized-audience plan is basically simple. It applies the principles of mass merchandising to the art of music. Between them, Community and Civic control ("supply" is a nicer word) almost two thousand concert series in the United States and Canada.

They work like this: An *agent provocateur* sells the leading citizens of a town on the idea of having a concert series. A campaign is conducted to sell tickets. The money is put on deposit. Did somebody say something about a pig in a poke? Not at all. They can talk about artists when the money is safely in the bank. Columbia and N.C.A.C. are both reputable firms.

The machinery is efficient, and lots of audiences hear lots of music only because the nice young men from Civic and Community come around selling concert series. From the artistic point of view the results are by no means always above reproach. Many

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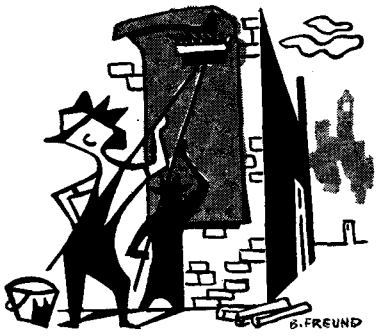

hard words have been passed about both organizations. But the point here is that our young pianist needs audiences if he is going to play recitals, win applause, and eventually become a brand-name performer; and either Community or Civic can give him more audiences than he could possibly get any other way.

Buying a Papered House

Whether either Columbia-Community or N.C.A.C.-Civic needs *him* is another matter. What can he do to make himself attractively conspicuous? Well, he can enter a big contest and win it—if any big contests are being held, if he plays well enough, and if the judges like the way he walks and the way he sits on the piano bench. He can request management auditions; if he does, he will be heard, but a bare audition studio is a cold and cheerless place to make the effort of a lifetime. Or he can give a New York recital, draw rave reviews, and wait for the managers to come pounding at his door the next morning.

Carnegie Hall is the place to play, he thinks. But a recital in Carnegie Hall will cost him at least two thousand dollars. And where is the money to come from?—money for rental of the hall itself; money to pay a recital manager capable of handling such details as giving away enough free tickets to keep the auditorium from being completely empty; money to have the tickets themselves printed; money for an advertisement in the *Times;* money (he almost forgot) to rent a piano. He is relieved when he finds that it is considered unbecomingly ostentatious to play in Carnegie Hall the first time around.

Town Hall is the next in line. There he can squeak by on a little less than $1,500 and still pay for the most important trimmings. Also, there are fewer seats, fewer tickets to be given away. Maybe he borrows the money; maybe he has a rich uncle in Texas.

Of course, he could pay a good deal less and play his recital in one of the smaller, more "intimate" auditoriums around the city, but careful study of the music pages in the daily newspapers has revealed that critics usually pass them up entirely or drop in just long enough to confirm their suspicions that nothing of much interest is happening.

So Town Hall it is. The young pianist engages the recital department of Columbia, say, to take care of arrangements and show him where the stage door is. He chooses Columbia to perform these services partly because the talismanic name costs no more than any other, partly because he hopes (vainly, it should be added) that this move will win him favor with the big managers upstairs in the Steinway Building.

The best Town Hall dates have been booked months in advance, but there is a Thursday in February still open. He snaps it up, little realizing that while he is playing his recital the New York Philharmonic-Symphony will be giving the American premiere of a new French work in Carnegie Hall and that down at the Metropolitan the first performance of Rudolf Bing's latest Verdi revival is scheduled.

Happily unaware of these competitors (they are unaware of him, too), he plans his program with Pentagon seriousness. He includes a nice, inoffensive Beethoven sonata (so as not to scare the brand-name managers), Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" (to lure Olin Downes), a group of neglected pieces by Satie (to lure Virgil Thomson), a Coplandesque piece by a friend of his (to show the critics that he is interested in new music, in case they care), and some miscellaneous Liszt (to bring the evening to a pyrotechnical close and draw encores).

He practices and waits for the big event. When it comes, who hears him? The kind, helpful recital manager from Columbia is there. The few friends he has made in New York are there. His composer friend, of course, is on hand to hear his composition and share in the applause. A few wan students from music schools around the city have come

to hear the Satie. A trio of soldiers have been given tickets at the U.S.O. His mother is there, and a few relatives on his father's side. And there are a sprinkling of strangers who have just wandered in.

Where are the critics? Virgil Thomson is at Carnegie Hall; Olin Downes is at the Metropolitan; the evening-paper critics, unable to make up their minds, are shuttling back and forth between the two major events, trying to cover both. But both the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* send lesser reviewers. They leave before the Liszt.

Despite the dismal pall that hangs over an ill-populated concert hall, despite his nervousness, our young pianist plays quite well. A few wrong notes, a snubbed phrase here, a jittery tempo there, but quite well. That is precisely what the brief reviews say: on the one hand this, on the other hand that. No managers come pounding at the door next morning; the telephone is silent.

There is nothing left to do but give up the labors of a lifetime and quit, or try again next year. The young pianist has spent $1,500 on a New York recital and has proved nothing whatever, except that he, like most of his fellows, is not considered a salable musical commodity.

THIS PATTERN is repeated week after week, season after season. The human and economic waste is tremendous, the largely meaningless parade of debutants heartbreaking to watch. Seldom does one win a contract with a major management on the strength of reviews alone, even if they are superlative. And superlative reviews of debut recitals are rare indeed; critics cannot afford to confuse human with artistic values.

There are vacancies, few but regular, on management rosters. Very infrequently a *Wunderkind* like Ervin

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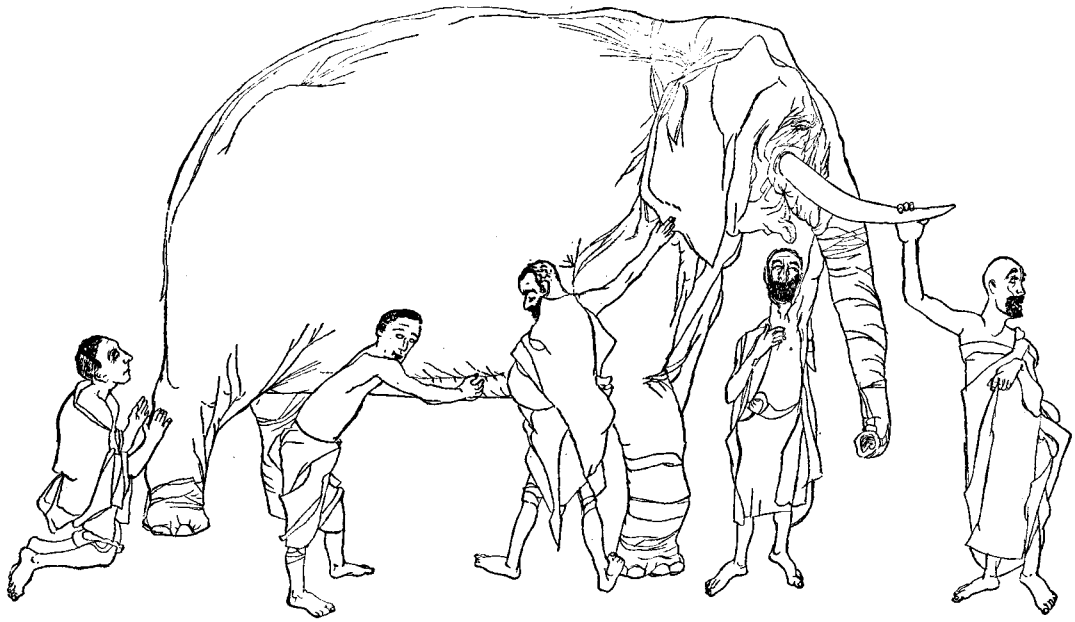

To get the whole truth you have to get the whole picture

THE BLIND MAN who touched the elephant's head said "An elephant is like a water pot." The one who felt his ears said "like a basket." Another fingered the tusks and said "An elephant is like a plow." Feeling the legs, a fourth said "like a post." And the blind man who touched the elephant's belly asserted "An elephant is like a granary."

It's the same way with the news. You touch a part and you think "This is how it is"—*but you may be wrong.* Even when you understand one or more parts of the news perfectly, you may still put the parts together incorrectly, you may still base an inexact over-all picture on them. To get the whole truth, you have to get the whole story.

That's why you need to read THE REPORTER. THE REPORTER helps you to piece together the many parts of the news into a clear, coherent picture. When parts of the picture are missing, THE REPORTER finds them and fills them in for you. Time and again, THE REPORTER has brought its readers the complete picture of an important issue when the American public knew only an inconclusive or misleading part. Such original disclosures have won the acclaim of columnists, commentators, and leaders of public opinion all over the country. For example, it was THE REPORTER's digging out and putting together of the unpublished facts about wiretapping in America that won it the 1952 George Polk Special Award in Journalism. (THE REPORTER is the only magazine that has ever received this Award.)

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The Reporter

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Laszlo will get reviews that render him marketable as a prodigy. Even less frequently a Byron Janis (a protégé of Horowitz) will be signed after an audition and actually make his New York debut after his career is already a fact. The best entrants in contests like those sponsored by the Rachmaninoff Fund (Seymour Lipkin, Gary Graffman), the Philadelphia Orchestra (Siga Weissenberg), or the National Federation of Music Clubs (Jacques Abram) are frequently signed to contracts and sent out to face the organized audiences.

Those who have failed to attract the attention of managers sometimes hint darkly that if they had "had money" the story would have been different. Maybe so. All other things being equal or nearly equal, a manager would be foolish to choose an impoverished newcomer over one able to invest a few thousand dollars in the promotion of his career. If this is a matter for blame, where does the onus rest? On the artist? On the management? Or on the advertising mentality of the public?

The fact that the artistic (and even financial) benefits to be gained from playing Community or Civic tours are highly questionable does

not make competition for the chance to do so any less keen. Far fewer even than those who get the chance are those who, like William Kapell, survive to win recognition as serious, mature artists, for the young recitalist who does not show clear brand-name potentialities is almost always dropped after the few seasons it takes him to travel around the circuit—unless he has been dropped sooner because of bad press notices or (far worse) a series of we-were-not-amused letters from chairmen of local concert committees. The need to succeed is great, but success too often means pleasing audiences whose enthusiasm for flashy technique exceeds their responsiveness to more legitimate musical values.

The whole situation is, to say the least, unhealthy. There is a constant tendency in the press and in motion pictures, on TV and the radio, to glamorize a few careers far beyond any intrinsic worth they could possibly have. Certainly any town should be delighted when a Heifetz or Horowitz finds time to pay a visit, play a recital, and collect his fee. But a year is 365 days long, and half a dozen recitals by peripatetic virtuosos, near-virtuosos, and miscellaneous groups is not a very well-rounded musical diet, even when augmented by the rich and growing literature to be heard on records.

THERE IS still a wide difference between the positions occupied by the respected local musician in Europe and the local teacher ("He used to be a concert pianist") in this country. Until local music making becomes a matter of pride rather than apology, until it becomes the rule rather than the exception to admit fully the status of local musicians whose talents, although considerable, are not great enough to give them a chance in the international market place, America's musical development will remain more apparent than real, and the young man who wants to make a career of serious music will continue to have a pretty tough row to hoe.

Parent-Teacher's Meeting In a French Village

CHERRY COOK

IT BECAME apparent the moment Monsieur Bordeaux, the schoolmaster, entered the mayor's office that he was going to be the star of the meeting. Young, untidy, typically French in gesture and in the steady flow of his words, he peered with bright eyes through heavy-rimmed glasses at each parent as he gave us each a vigorous handshake.

"Ah, Madame l'Américaine," he greeted me, his smile, full of humor, revealing tobacco-stained teeth.

He slipped out of a heavy khaki trenchcoat, hoisted it onto one of six clothes hooks which decorated the end of the bare office, and then in a swift and energetic movement crossed the room and fell into animated conversation with the village mayor.

We parents, six of us, returned to our stilted, self-conscious exchanges. We had all come to the meeting in response to careful, ink-written invitations, prepared by the fourth-graders, to attend a sort of primitive parent-teacher's meeting. This is held once a year when theoretically all of the families of the village are brought together to determine how much of a fee will be levied upon them for the maintenance of their children in the two small communal schools.

THE SCHOOLS present no great problem of upkeep, for they are so dilapidated that it does not seem to occur to anyone to try to improve them. The girls' school, downstairs directly underneath the mayor's of-

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fice where we were meeting, is a room about sixteen feet square where twenty-six little girls from five to fourteen squeeze together at ten double-sized, old-fashioned school desks. Because it is part of the Mairie, the village municipal building, the white paint on the walls is renewed every few years, and because the Mairie is of fairly sturdy construction, the room is free from drafts. But the facilities—the miniature windows that admit little light, the chairs, tables, blackboards, coal stove, even the six-foot play area outside, soft and soggy with damp clay—recall another century.

The boys' school, located two blocks from the girls', is a portion of a prefabricated officers' quarters put up by the Luftwaffe when one of its detachments was occupying the village. The paint that the German soldiers slapped hastily over the rough wallboard interior still serves; the floors creak and groan as twenty-eight boys file heavily into the classroom—a room larger than the girls' by perhaps three feet. The large windows admit enough light, but they also admit drafts, which nip across the boys' ankles but are not strong enough to lift the smell of musty dampness that clings to the room and its archaic equipment.

THE GROUP of six parents who were assembled thus far in the mayor's office included the four village curios: myself, the American; Madame Dumont, a freckle-faced mulatto; and Monsieur and Madame Blum, the village Jews. Beside me was Monsieur Lecroix, my neighbor; he was the most recent of the victims of the local Baronne, a woman who, because of her wealth and property in the village and the reputation of her family for two hundred years, wielded a threatening influence, like the shadow of tyranny, over the local residents. Monsieur Lecroix, like eight other farmers during the past two years, had been evicted by the Baronne after decades of conscientious work on her land, and he now worked at a chemical factory in an adjoining town.

On the other side of me was Madame Chevalier. Her husband bicycles to and from work ten miles a day to earn eighty-five dollars a month in a furniture factory. Both he and Monsieur Lecroix have joined the Communist Party; they are men who have chosen their political faiths because of an insuppressible desire to have food to eat, a place to live in, and clothes to wear.

Madame Barbier

Suddenly there was a thump of heavy footsteps on the wooden stairs leading from the post office below into our meeting place. The door burst open and a middle-aged, aggressive-looking woman, clutching a

dark-blue cape around her shoulders, entered the room.

"*Bon soir,* Madame Barbier," came a chorus of voices, and I recognized my daughter's teacher.

She dropped her cape onto a chair and greeted us all around with a fixed smile, brushing back her short black-and-white hair with one hand and tucking her loosely knit beige sweater into the top of a black skirt with the other. When she caught sight of Monsieur Lecroix she turned abruptly to him and seized him by a lapel.

"And when are they putting the notice on your door, Monsieur Lecroix?" she demanded, her dark eyes wide and fierce behind dark-rimmed glasses.

Lecroix, a small, diffident man, smiled wanly. "As soon as possible," he answered.

"And it's not as though she needs the place!" exclaimed Madame Barbier, addressing our group, "It's not as though the Baronne isn't evicting you to rent it for eighty thousand francs a year to someone, and then not declare it, and get off scot-free with no tax on the money. Putting out a man like that, with four children, with no place to go, and she doesn't even need it, not even for an employee. Ah, *c'est affreux!*" She shook her head and clucked her tongue.

"I've found two rooms," said Lecroix quietly.

"Two rooms!" she cried again. "Two rooms and four children. And put out just like that, for no reason, and the police coming any day to evict you."

"And no water in the rooms," added Lecroix.

"No water! Four children!" Madame Barbier disappeared in a flutter of dismay. A few more parents filed through the door, and the tall, angular peasant who was the mayor suddenly began rapping on his desk to indicate that we should take seats.

WE ASSEMBLED, eight men and nine women, in chairs around a long, rough table where the city fathers conduct their business. Before the mayor was a bottle of ink, a penstaff and point, a folder which gave the village statutes, formulated in 1938, a child's school writing book in which the mayor kept his records, and a large red ashtray lettered in white TUBORG BIERE. Rising behind the mayor's large frame was a gray stovepipe, and farther behind him, on the wall, a plaster frieze of Justice. She was almost obscured by a wire and naked bulb that hung before her and gave us our only light.

The man who was the mayor of this village of Y—— slowly arose. He was as unpretentious in appearance as the village itself. A man in his sixties, a florist by trade, he epitomized the old-world village of twenty houses, of three hundred residents, of two general stores; a village only twenty miles from Paris but utterly isolated in social life and completely untouched by outside commerce.

The mayor shuffled his feet. Steel-rimmed glasses and a large gray mustache gave his long face a kind

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of dignity. He wore an old, baggy coat, which did not match his trousers, and he had a large brown scarf wrapped around his neck in lieu of a collar and tie. He pressed his long fingers together; his hands were stained from a lifetime of working the soil.

"Mesdames et Messieurs," he said, "the meeting is in order."

A young woman seated beside the mayor smiled at us, disclosing two missing front teeth, and then began to read with a lisp the minutes of the meeting for the previous year. These were approved by default, and the boys' teacher, Monsieur Bordeaux, quipped that he hoped this meeting might be brighter than the one just recounted. He then asked the mayor's permission to smoke, drew a cigarette from a bright-blue package, and lit it nervously, after flicking his lighter ineffectually a few times.

The mayor then called for nominations for the vice-presidency of the school committee. He was met with silence all around.

"Ah," he cried in mock distress, "where are my helpers, my workers? It is a paid office, you know."

Still no one spoke. He turned to the pretty woman sitting on his left and slapped her knee.

"You, Madame Blum, for vice-president!"

"Oh," she protested, "but I have a little boy, you know, besides Claudie in school."

"You can do it," the mayor assured her. "Now all for Madame Blum raise your hands."

ONLY Lecroix abstained, and we moved onto elections for secretary. The mayor pointed his finger to Madame Renault, a plump woman of thirty-five with yellowish-red hair, horn-rimmed glasses, and a protruding jaw; amid her protestations and blushings she was elected to office and sent to the top of the table to take notes and replace the girl with the missing teeth.

"Now before we go on to the matter of finance," said the mayor gravely, "does anyone wish to say anything?"

There was a momentary silence, and then the schoolmaster leaned forward. His manner, when he spoke, was reserved and gracious.

"I would like to say something, Monsieur le Maire," he said. "It is not serious, actually, but it is an important matter. I must have new arithmetic books. The ones I now use for my boys are outmoded; we don't teach arithmetic that way any longer. I cannot tell you how long these same texts have been in use. I do not know. I only know they are useless to me. In addition, they are torn and dirty. It is a small thing, but I must have new books."

There was a murmur of individual conversation, an intermingling of approval with disapproval, and the mayor looked quizzically around the group.

"New books?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," someone said.

"The boys are happy with their new master, are they not?" the mayor demanded accusingly. "They are happier with Monsieur Bordeaux than they were last year with the other master?"

A few nods of the head.

"Who has a son in school?" asked

Madame Barbier, the schoolmistress. "Madame l'Américaine, you have a son. Have you anything to say?"

"Why, nothing," I answered, "except that he is very happy in school."

"Then Monsieur Bordeaux should have new books, should he not?" questioned the mayor.

"Yes, yes."

"Good," he said, "Now, anything more before we go on?"

Les Petits

Once more Monsieur Bordeaux spoke up.

"I should like to mention another thing," he said earnestly. "That is, to emphasize our pressing need for the desks we've ordered."

"Why, I ordered three of them eight months ago!" cried the schoolmistress, "and no sign of them yet."

"Exactement," said the master. "I've ordered three too, and the factory has acknowledged the order of five only, and even those have not yet been delivered. When all my boys are over the flu and back in school, I shall have to put three at a desk where there should only be two."

"I have three girls to a desk already," retorted the mistress, "and I certainly must have the three I've ordered."

"And another thing," continued the master tentatively, "I think we should have a few small desks. It is not right that the little boys of five and a half should sit at desks as big as those for the fifteen-year-olds. It is hard for them."

A BURST of disapproval broke from three men sitting together at one end of the table.

"That's ridiculous!" cried one. "There's no need to have different sizes. They can manage at the big ones. Special sizes. Ridiculous!"

Monsieur Bordeaux looked sadly at the dissidents he was a man with a vision of progress and an anxiety to break with the traditionally harsh methods of French education. "It is not for myself," he said, "but for the boys that I want them."

Lecroix cleared his throat. "I agree with Monsieur Bordeaux," he said. "When a little child must reach so high to write, it might deform his arm."

"And he can't write properly," added Monsieur Bordeaux. "Even if he knows how, and wants to do well, he just can't reach that high and still write a decent hand. Besides, it's tiring for him."

One of the men shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. It sounds ridiculous. But I don't care. It doesn't matter to me. It just costs more money."

The mayor, playing the role of a nonpolitical man interested only in compromise, dismissed the desks with a wave of his hand.

"Now let us go on," he said, "to the matter of the fee. You under-

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stand, Madame l'Américaine," he said, turning to me, "that although our instructors are paid by the government, it is up to the community itself to supply everything else." He paused. "Even," he added pensively, "the fuel to heat the schools."

He sighed. Fuel, and the price of it, symbolizes the surrender of today's French workingman to the unreasonable cost of living.

"Last year," he continued, "we asked three hundred francs per student for the year. Is that acceptable this year?"

There was a murmur of approval, although I had heard gossip at the village store the day before that, even though three hundred francs is the equivalent of only eighty-five cents, some considered it too high. Monsieur Bordeaux wrinkled his brow thoughtfully, pulled in his lower lip, and leaned across the table once more.

"MONSIEUR LE MAIRE," he said, "if I may make a suggestion, it seems to me that three hundred francs alone is all right, but for a family with two, three, or four children, it then becomes quite costly. Would it not be fairer," he said reflectively, "if we charged, say, three hundred and fifty francs for the first, and then sharply reduced the fees for the subsequent children, to something like a hundred and fifty francs for those after the first? It would be fairer certainly. When I have two boys from the same family, for instance, I always give one a book in poor condition and the other a fairly new one, so that the parent is cheated if he pays the same amount for both boys. It just seems fairer," he repeated.

Madame Barbier looked resentfully around the room. "We charged three hundred francs last year, Monsieur Bordeaux," she said tersely, "and everyone paid."

"Ah, yes," he said softly, "but it does not seem fair."

"But who would suffer?" asked Madame Barbier. "Monsieur Lecroix, he has two children in school; Madame l'Américaine, you have two children in school; Madame Champi has three girls with me. No one has four this year. It would be no great hardship," she said.

"Still," rejoined the mayor, "it seems a good suggestion. And we would not lose money by it. In fact, we might gain a little."

The parents tittered, which the mayor took to mean approval, and he looked around at us with satisfaction.

"Passed, then," he said. "Now, last year, we gave everyone two months in which to raise the money. Do you feel that is enough time?"

Approval was unanimous.

"AND NOW," said the mayor hesitantly. "There's one final matter. The question of the Baronne and the schoolchildren."

A tense silence fell over the group of parents.

"We must speak to her," said the retiring secretary.

"Yes, but who should do it?"

"I had thought," said the mayor uneasily, "that those of you who live on the road where the schools are located should sponsor the statement." He cleared his throat. "Madame la Baronne," he stated formally, as though it were a subject foreign to everyone there, "has been driving down the small street where our schools are located at such a high speed that the parents are anxious for the children's safety. We could request that she take the road past Madame Champi's house, which also leads to the Baronne's château, and thereby avoid the road on which the children gather as school lets out. It seems to me, however," he glanced down, the dignity seeming to flee from the steel-rimmed glasses and the large gray mustache, leaving a long face sagging with defeat, "that it is up to those of you who live on the street to make the request. I will append my signature if I must, but only as mayor, for of course I myself am not actually aware of the danger. . . . After all, I have no children. . . ."

"Very well," said the retiring secretary briskly, "I'll prepare the letter, and I'll sign it too."

"So will I," said Lecroix.

The mayor waved a conciliatory hand. "*Très bien. Très bien.* The meeting is adjourned. You can discuss it among yourselves."

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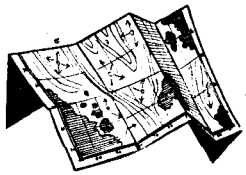

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CHANNELS:

The Children's Hour

MARYA MANNES

THE BRITISH have very strange ideas about children. For one thing, they think an hour of television a day is enough for them, and that this hour should end at six. They believe that children should be instructed and entertained, and they do not think that emptying bullets into somebody's stomach or knocking someone down in a brawl is either instructive or entertaining.

They think that adult lusts and rages are for adults, and that children are no better off and certainly no wiser for witnessing them. They believe that children—and they use this term for an audience ranging from about five to fifteen—have a lot of interesting things to do besides sit and watch television. Finally, they believe in innocence: a state of being in which a child learns and understands only what it wants to learn and understand, and in which the delicate, expanding mind—safe from the cares and cruelties of the world—can dream its private, long, irrelevant dreams.

To this end they have put into their BBC children's hour the best they have in wisdom, fun, and adventure. They have left out the violent, the vulgar, and the sordid—stimulating, no doubt, for many who call themselves adult, but injurious, they unequivocally believe, to the young.

"All very fine," an American might say, "but what's to stop the kids from turning to another channel or simply staying on after six and listening to adult stuff?" The answer is simple if startling. There is no other channel. And adult television does not begin until eight o'clock—too late for the British young.

The British can indulge in these quaint fantasies because they conceive of television as a public service which must uphold rather than upset national traditions. The British are sufficiently appreciative of this concept to pay a tax of six dollars a year per set. There are, of course, people in Britain who fear the dangers of government monopoly more than the perils of commercial competition. Yet it is reasonably safe to assume that even if British television should admit some commercialism, British children will still have a very limited and early viewing time and will never be cajoled into buying a certain bread after being titillated by murder or mayhem.

HERE ARE some of the things that go into the BBC children's hour: a play, specially written for the program on a theme of adventure or history, acted by a professional cast, and lasting anywhere from a half hour to the entire period; or a ballet, often preceded or accompanied by an explanation of what its patterns and positions mean in terms of story; or a special newsreel, adapted to young interests (animals, sports, exploration, etc.); or storytelling by a highly accomplished man or woman; or comics and clowns on occasion; or talks, casual but informative, on the natural wonders of this world; or puppets—many puppets. Notable omissions are juvenile juries and quiz kids, since another quirk in the British character causes precocious exhibitionists to be viewed with a distaste bordering on horror.

American children regularly exposed to adult television fare might well regard the BBC hour as insipid in its innocence. Producers of the Ford Foundation's excellent program for children, "Excursion" (Sundays, 3:30 P.M., NBC), may find that ears attuned to the spatter of bullets and the din of quiz shows may be deaf to a calm voice telling of peaceful things. But that is more a reflection on the child's state of being than on the program itself, for it so happens that the BBC children's hour is enjoyed by a great many adults who recognize good writing and acting when they see it and are surprised to find themselves learning a number of useful things from teachers more attractive than those of their youth. If sophistication, worldliness, and the surge of emotions are absent in this hour—well, they will come soon enough when the young are no longer young.

IT IS OBVIOUS, of course, that even if we wanted to adopt the British approach towards children's television it would be impossible to do so. The pattern has been fixed, the bedtime clock will never be set back, and far too many toothpastes and breakfast foods have been urged upon Mom by the kiddies to make the voluntary sacrifice of this vast consumer audience conceivable. So far, all the shrill cries of outrage from American parents and educational groups at the TV food their children are fed, all the industry "codes" and pious promises of self-censorship have done very little to purge from the screen its vulgarizing elements during those hours when children look at it.

There is, I think, one way out: a form of censorship which could not possibly violate any human freedom and which might alter the whole TV spectrum overnight. This censorship would consist of prohibiting only two things: the shot and the knockout. Both are last resorts of the storyteller. Forbidden to use either (except in mass scenes of battle or history), the TV writer would have to start writing—about people who can live dangerously without gun or fist, who solve their problems and conquer their foes without resort to force. The weapons of primitive, uncivilized man are the easy ways out, the crutches of poor, unimaginative writers. And these are what our children are now accepting as legitimate—nay (if used by the hero) even laudable means.

Censorship of the shot—let's see what *that* would do to the industry—and for the kids.

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The Thoughtful Hero

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS, by Charles A. Lindbergh. *Scribners. $5.*

THERE IS no risk whatever in saying that *The Spirit of St. Louis* is a classic. It will be read for the lucid account it gives of a very deliberate adventure undertaken at a certain moment in the history of man's struggle to become the master of all he surveys. In that moment, in that succession of moments over the American land, the sea, and Europe, Lindbergh looked down upon our world as no man had ever looked down upon it before. When, after his night-long colloquy with the voices that spoke to him in his narrow cockpit, dawn came and he brought his plane close to the sea, no one had ever lived to tell what such a lonely dawn was like. Nungesser and Coli had seen it, perhaps, but they could look into each other's eyes, and they had died.

If *The Spirit of St. Louis* were no more than the story of that flight, if it told only how a young man prepared it and carried it out, it would be such a story of courage, such evidence of reason and judgment, that one could ask for nothing more. But Lindbergh gives a great deal more.

In *We,* Lindbergh did not want to make the flight seem too difficult—aviation had to be promoted—and also it seemed at the time immodest to admit the obstacles of fatigue and doubt which only a superior courage could overcome: "Being young and easily embarrassed, I was hesitant to dwell on my personal errors and sensations." But now the difficulties can be stated, the moments of greatest trial exposed. Of course all this must be done in a spirit of clinical precision. Lindbergh observes, as if once again he were working with Alexis Carrel on the mechanical heart, the faltering of the human heart and body, the mastery of the human spirit over exhausted nerves and the temptation to sleep and die. All this is written so strongly and so straight that the effect is hallucination: We make the trip with Lindbergh. But during the thirty-three and a half hours of the flight Lindbergh thought also of his boyhood. It is those memories interwoven in the narrative which build the ultimate triumph of this book.

FOR IT IS the boyhood that prepares and explains—and, in a way justifies—the flight. It is Lindbergh's boyhood that sets the flight in its proper perspective as an incident, no more than an incident, in a man's life. It is this boyhood in Minnesota that accounts for Lindbergh's contempt for those who saw in his flight nothing but recklessness, or nothing but courage, or an achievement after which there would be nothing much left for Lindbergh to do.

It was a happy boyhood; but it was a stern one too, a practical one, with responsibility coming to young Lindbergh very early in life and quietly and practically accepted. At sixteen he had a farm to take care of. He had to buy cattle at auction and not make a mistake about it; the farm was not being run for fun. The fun young Lindbergh had was fishing and swimming with other boys who were working as he was working, close to the earth, in sympathy with the life of the farm, through the changing seasons of the American Midwestern countryside.

The fun young Lindbergh had was to talk with his father, because his father talked to the boy as if he were grown up. And then there was that wonderful time when father and son went up to the headwaters of the Mississippi and then followed its course, portaging its rapids, setting up a tent at nightfall, cooking the fish they caught, until the river brought them home. The fun young Lindbergh had was to learn the precise use of every tool by using it to make precisely useful objects. And then the fun became anything that had to do with an airplane.

When you read these wonderful scenes of childhood you think sometimes of Carl Sandburg's Midwestern childhood, and sometimes of Mark Twain's, and then you realize the difference: In Lindbergh's childhood there is this sense of everything leading to a purpose, everything combining to form a special type of man—the contemplative in action.

Lindbergh is the man whose dream became action—reasoned, planned, and measured action.

NO ONE will ever write a book about flying like this one. Lindbergh knows it: ". . . unlike the early years of aviation, our dreams of tomorrow are disturbed by the realities of today. . . . We have seen the aircraft, to which we devoted our lives, destroying the civilization that created them." Lindbergh is writing about the past, when flying seemed to make men freer. His is the last voice to reach us from that past which is lost to us.

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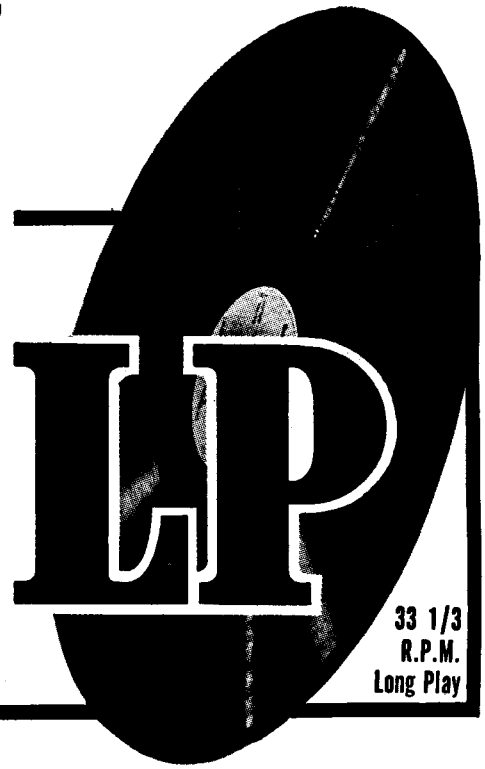

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